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MR. GLADSTONE.

THERE is happily little reason to fear that Mr. GLADSTONE's indisposition will prevent his attendance in Parliament during the approaching Session; but it ought to serve as a warning against a repetition of the efforts which he has been accustomed to make. His retirement from the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer will afford sensible relief, though no other great department requires so little labour, except at times when large financial changes are undertaken. It happens that for the last two years there has been no serious alteration of the fiscal system, and that consequently there have been few debates on finance; but Mr. GLADSTONE is not of a disposition to profit by any casual relaxation. In the intervals of Irish legislation and of Kilmainham episodes he has busied himself in and out of season with the Procedure controversy, which again he suddenly interrupted by a wholly unnecessary vote of censure on the House of Lords. There is no reason to suppose that the PRIME MINISTER has not full confidence in his colleagues, but he can seldom abstain from taking a share in their Parliamentary duties. Always ready to accept the challenge of the most unequal opponent, he combines the duties of general and private. One of his earlier rivals and colleagues was in the habit of laying down as an official rule that no Minister should do anything which could be equally well done by a subordinate. Mr. DISRAELI also seldom, when he was in office, made an unnecessary speech. It would seem that Mr. GLADSTONE has hitherto found labour and conflict more easy or more refreshing than repose; but even his mental and bodily energy must have been strained by activity uninterrupted for fifty years. The most sensitive conscience may recognize prudence as the nearest, if not the highest, of duties.

For the personal advantage of Mr. GLADSTONE, as well as on public grounds, it is to be wished that the Irish PANDORA'S box may not be reopened during the coming Session. Fresh donations to tenants of the property of landlords will convince both friends and enemies that the most sweeping of legislative changes has not been final. It may be inferred from the recent speeches of Cabinet Ministers that the outrageous project of local Home Rule in Ireland will be postponed. It is true that, at the end of the last Session, Mr. GLADSTONE announced to an astonished House of Commons that the most earnest of his political aspirations was to establish in every Irish county an elected body, which would, in fact, be a legalized branch of the Land League. His opinion has probably not been modified by a seasonable commentary on the scheme which has been lately supplied by one of the most inveterate enemies of English rule. Mr. SEXTON, in a speech delivered a few days ago at Mallow, said that before the next election the whole local patronage of Ireland would be vested in County Boards, which, as he plainly intimated, would use their powers for the purpose of promoting Irish independence. As Mr. GLADSTONE's predilections are generally concentrated on his latest fancy, he may perhaps by this time have substituted some less mischievous caprice for the wild design of incorporating the local agitators of every Irish district. If, on the other hand, he includes an Irish Local Government Bill in the list of measures to be immediately introduced, there can be no doubt that he will personally conduct the Bill in the House of Commons.

It is on all grounds desirable that the Government should confine its programme to more defensible innovations.

None of the English measures which may be enumerated in the QUEEN'S Speech will naturally fall within the province of the PRIME MINISTER. The HOME SECRETARY will introduce the London Municipality Bill; the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE will try with the Bankruptcy Bill the first experiment in the working of the new Grand Committees; and the same tribunals will perhaps consider the Criminal Code Bill which will be entrusted to one or both of the Law Officers. Either Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or Sir CHARLES DILKE will conduct the County Government Bill; and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL is already in charge of the Corrupt Practices Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE will certainly be ready to defend any or all of the Government measures, but perhaps his friends may persuade him to abstain from unnecessary exertion. His colleagues are fully competent to produce the plausible pretexts which may be suggested for some of the Bills, and the sound arguments for less ambitious projects. It may be conjectured that Prime Ministers will not condescend to sit on Grand Committees; and Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps not include in the list of his multifarious accomplishments a minute knowledge of the law and practice of bankruptcy, or of felonies, misdemeanours, and the rules of evidence. His dislike to the doomed Corporation of London is well known; but Sir W. HARCOURT will be fully capable of providing all the necessary sarcasms and all the fallacies which may be urged in favour of a civic revolution. The County Government Bill will probably not be seriously opposed, except on questions of detail. On the whole, there seems to be no reason why Mr. GLADSTONE should not indulge himself in the unwonted experience of a comparatively silent Session. It is of course impossible to foresee complications in foreign or domestic policy which may require the intervention of the PRIME MINISTER; but the ordinary business of the House may safely be managed by his colleagues, especially as they can rely on a faithful majority to supply any controversial defects.

It is pleasant as well as decorous to anticipate with reasonable confidence the continuance for some time to come of Mr. GLADSTONE's extraordinary vigour. If the occasional ailments of ordinary persons of the same age were as constantly and as accurately registered, the report of a slight cold or of a sleepless night would scarcely be noticed. Lord PALMERSTON'S attacks of gout were more painful and more serious, and yet he held office and enjoyed life for six or seven years after he had attained Mr. GLADSTONE's present age. It is nevertheless impossible to forget less hopeful possibilities. Few politicians can fail to regard with anxiety and doubt the chances of the immediate or not distant future. It is abundantly certain that the disappearance from public life of the most conspicuous of living statesmen will largely affect the prospects of the country. There is too much reason to fear that his inheritance may, either in the first instance or after a short interval, devolve on successors whose advent to supreme power would be regarded with just alarm. Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON would personally command confidence, if only they could be relied upon to stem the current which sets in the direction of unqualified democracy. It is not forgotten that Lord HARTINGTON was the first to pledge the Liberal party to the vast extension of the suffrage which has ever

since been regarded as inevitable. The same leader, at the instance of a Parliamentary Whip, unnecessarily raised the question of Scotch Disestablishment, remarking that he would not be deterred from supporting the movement by the risk which would evidently be entailed on the Church of England. Lord HARTINGTON has at other times spoken with unaccountable toleration of schemes for interfering with landed property which he can scarcely be supposed to approve. All sections of the Liberal party have been injuriously affected by the impulsive temper and the hazardous policy of its present chief. Lord HARTINGTON, notwithstanding several political mistakes, deserves the credit of general good sense and moderation; but it is doubtful whether the Liberal section which he represents will be strong enough to hold its own in the absence of Mr. GLADSTONE. The Radicals have recently objected to the entrance of Lord DERBY into the Cabinet, notwithstanding his gratuitous and inaccurate vindication of the Caucus.

Some of the more reckless of the party are not satisfied with the slow proselytism which Sir CHARLES DILKE described as permeation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who once assumed to himself the right of deposing the actual leader of the Liberal party, apparently thinks it expedient to put himself forward as a candidate for the confidence of the subversive faction which may shortly require a representative. As long as the reign of Mr. GLADSTONE lasts, the extremest of Radicals, confiding in his sympathy and believing in his possible co-operation, need no other chief. Before the process of permeation is complete they will probably dissolve the connexion with their uncongenial allies. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN already appeals to the envy of the poor against the rich, professing his inability to understand why the working classes submit both to pay rates and taxes and to bear in part the burden of educating their own children. Demagogues are not likely to remind the multitude that artisans pay no taxes except on tea, liquors, and tobacco, and that they are rated, if at all, in exact proportion to the value of the premises which they occupy. The rich also, whom Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the same speech accuses of criminal luxury, pay for the education of their children. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN further threatens the supporters of voluntary schools with the entire suppression of religious education; and he illustrates his meaning by praising the anti-Catholic system of education which has been recently established in France. The revolutionary and partially socialistic attempt to excite the envy and hatred of the poorer classes has not previously been made by English Cabinet Ministers. It is not unreasonable to guess that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's plain speaking has some relation to the uncertainty of Mr. GLADSTONE's health, and to the consequent probability of a redistribution of parties. Household suffrage, soon to become universal, and equal electoral districts may possibly justify Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's calculations.

THE CIRCULAR NOTE.

THE text of the Circular Note has been published, and it is now known what are the proposals for the future government of Egypt which Lord GRANVILLE has submitted to the European Powers. The Circular just touches on the regulation of the Suez Canal, and then passes to questions affecting Egypt itself. These questions it divides into two heads—those which have an international character and those which have not. As to the first, the consent of the Powers has to be asked, because they trench on arrangements made more or less formally between Egypt and the Powers to whom the appeal is made. When the Powers examine what are the novelties they are asked to accept, they will be surprised to find how extremely modest are the requests submitted to their approval. The English Government mildly suggests that the Daira estates might be worked better if their administration was slightly changed, that foreigners should be taxed in a fair manner, and that the Mixed Tribunals should be prolonged for a year, in order that the changes in the Code which have been long contemplated may assume a definite shape. These proposals are utterly unimportant and by no means new. The Powers will easily understand that Lord GRANVILLE merely begins by putting before them proposals which they have long ago recognized as expedient or to which they have no reason to object. When he has

got them into a good humour, and made them enter on negotiations in a pleasant and friendly spirit, he is sure to have other proposals which he will recommend to them in his accustomed gentle and plausible way. The great difficulty caused by the peculiar position of foreigners in Egypt is not that they do not pay something to the revenue of the country, but that they have privileges which make the good government of Egyptian towns impossible. A Greek or a foreign Jew may keep open at all hours, and after his own fashion, gambling-houses and drinking-shops in Alexandria or Cairo, and the Egyptian police has no more power to stop this demoralizing foreigner than it has to shut up a theatre in Paris or London. To get rid of this monstrous abuse is an essential condition of good government being established in Egypt; but so many foreigners are interested in its being maintained that Lord GRANVILLE prudently postpones referring to it. When he comes to speak of the internal changes to be wrought in Egypt, he uses language which is extremely proper, extremely diplomatic, and extremely vague. The theory is maintained throughout that the KHEDEVE governs Egypt, and that England sometimes merely accedes to his wishes, and sometimes gives him advice. He wished for English officers to command his army, and the English Government thought his idea was a good one, and gave him officers of an excellent type. Another of the KHEDEVE's ideas was that the Control should be abolished. This was a bold and original notion on his part; but, when it was put before them, the advisers of the QUEEN said that there was much more in it than they could have believed, and at once acceded to his wishes, hoping fondly that France would be equally accommodating. The English Government has, however, had much advice to give him, and will have more; and it is a most gratifying accident that somehow, whatever may be the advice given, it is immediately accepted. They have advised him to secure the services of a European financial adviser. Nothing more is said in the Circular; but in the despatches published by the French Government Lord GRANVILLE intimates that he should not be much surprised if the European chosen were an Englishman. The English Government, further, has advised the KHEDEVE to institute tribunals for the natives, and will advise him as to the best means of suppressing the slave-trade. It is only when Lord GRANVILLE comes at the end of the Circular to speak of representative institutions that this KHEDEVE so fertile in suggestion and so receptive of sound ideas disappears. It is the English Government that desires to see representative institutions in Egypt, that is utterly at a loss to imagine what these institutions are to be, and that is consulting, not Egyptians, but its own agents in search of inspiration. The difficulty is to invent institutions which would please a Liberal majority in England, and yet have a chance of lasting for six months; and the language of diplomatic fiction can scarcely be so enlarged as to represent this problem as a burden weighing on the mind of an imaginative but docile KHEDEVE.

M. DUCLERC, on the opening of the French Chambers, gave a review of the negotiations that had been going on between England and France in regard to Egypt, explained that these negotiations had come to nothing, and ended by saying that France had regained her complete liberty of action. This seemed to his hearers a somewhat impotent conclusion, but its meaning is at least partially explained by the volume of despatches published in France. The upshot of the matter was that Lord GRANVILLE informed M. DUCLERC that, as France would not agree to abolish the Joint Control, England must take on herself to abolish it in spite of the remonstrances and protests of France. In these despatches the fiction of an inventive KHEDEVE is altogether abandoned. The English Government would not allow the KHEDEVE to communicate his brilliant idea to France, but told him that it preferred dealing with France directly. Both parties very properly treated the Control as the symbol and embodiment of the Joint Protectorate; and when the veil of diplomatic courtesies is stripped off, it is seen that the English Minister has only one thing to say, and that is that the Joint Protectorate must cease, while the French Minister has only one thing to say, and that is that he requests the Joint Protectorate may go on. The whole object of the despatches is to say courteously and with a soothing lengthiness what might have given offence if blurted out roughly and briefly. M. DUCLERC keeps on saying that the Control worked well. Lord GRANVILLE admits this; but in

its nature it was faulty because it had to take directions from two Governments, and this defect must sooner or later have made it a failure. M. DUCLEUC asks, if the Control is to be abolished, what equivalent is to be given to France. Lord GRANVILLE, after much hesitation, offers to give France the Presidency of the Debt Commission, to which M. DUCLEUC replies with great truth that this would be no equivalent at all, for it did not in any way restore the Joint Protectorate. As it was precisely because it did not restore this Protectorate that Lord GRANVILLE offered it, he had nothing to say in answer to this criticism. When Lord GRANVILLE announced that the KHEWEE was to have an English financial adviser, M. DUCLEUC observed with much force that this was really to maintain the English Controller and get rid of the French. Of course it was. This was the one object of the proposal; so that at last, when enough had been written to keep up appearances of cordiality, M. DUCLEUC said he would write no more, and it was recognized that the Joint Protectorate was dead and buried. M. DUCLEUC found comfort in announcing that France regained her liberty of action; and this was quite true, in the sense that France has, probably wisely, refused to accept a position in Egypt subordinate to that of England. France has become one of the Powers watching England in Egypt, instead of a Power sharing dominion in Egypt with England. It is free to criticize, to hamper, to oppose. Whether it will use its liberty will depend much more on its general policy towards Europe than on its memory of the special history of Egypt.

There are subsidiary questions grouping themselves round the settlement of Egypt which well deserve discussion. There is the question raised in the *Quarterly Review* whether the war was necessary; and there is the still more important question whether the regulations proposed for the Canal are the best that England could have suggested, and whether it was desirable that England should make any proposals at all. These are questions which must receive attention; but neither of them is the question of immediate interest. The pressing question to Englishmen is whether the policy of the Government in regard to Egypt, as disclosed in the Circular Note, is the best policy that could have been adopted under the circumstances. The Circular Note does not disclose this policy fully; but, with the aid of the French despatches, and the light afforded by the acts of the Government, which the Circular leaves unnoticed, it is possible to see what is the policy which the Circular Note partially reveals. To begin with, it ought to be admitted that the Government deserves the credit of having a policy of some sort. It is not working blindly on, but is concentrating all its efforts on a definite object. This object is the creation of a Government in Egypt which shall satisfy all the reasonable claims of foreign Powers and of Turkey, which shall free our highway to India from the risks of anarchy, and which shall benefit the Egyptians themselves. This Government is to be created and upheld by the guidance and authority of England and of England alone. Few would hesitate to admit that, if the desired object could be secured, the best possible solution of the Egyptian problem would have been found. An honest, just, but not weak, native Government, acceptable to the Egyptians themselves, under the exclusive guidance of England, and maintaining through England friendly relations with the European world, is the ideal of the Egyptian future. There are, however, two objections to this policy. It drives its authors into seeming to use a kind of double language. If the existing Egyptian Government is ignored by England when England describes her policy, the first beginning of the ideal Government seems cut away; if too much is made of the existing Government, England seems to be screening herself behind her own puppet. There is, too, the objection that the authors of this policy are quite unable to say whether the new scheme for managing Egypt is meant to be temporary or permanent. It is nominally temporary, for England is anxious to show that her troops can soon be withdrawn, and that her exclusive authority is a casual result of the war. But in its nature the arrangement proposed is, if not permanent, yet of so long a probable duration that it may be spoken of as permanent. There is, so far as can yet be seen, no possible Egyptian Government which would remain good if England ceased to guide it. All that can be hoped for is that at some distant day there may be a Government which England need not guide

daily and hourly, because it will have been sufficiently trained by England to work on the lines which England has laid down for it. Even then the real restraining influence on its conduct would be the knowledge that England would again actively interfere if it tried to break loose. A native Government so modelled by the immediate action of England that it may in time go on well under the general superintendence of England, is the aim of its efforts which England submits to the Powers and which the Government will submit to Parliament.

SIR RICHARD CROSS AT SOUTHPORT.

THE ingenious and reasonable critics who expect to find in every speech by an ex-Minister the revelation of an entirely new Opposition policy can receive nothing but disappointment from the speech which Lord BEACONFIELD's last Home Secretary delivered at Southport on Wednesday. It is the recognized function of Sir RICHARD CROSS rather to put what he does put in vigorous and common-sense fashion, to clear a subject of cant and strip it of verbiage, than to irradiate it with any startling new lights. In this he resembles his neighbour Lord DERBY, except that, as his common sense has not quite the same advantages of plausible expression which Lord DERBY's has, so it is free from the singular coldness of blood and faintness of heart which spoil Lord DERBY's political character. There is a well-known symptom—ominous to experienced soldiers in stress of battle—when men are observed to be constantly looking over their shoulders, and this is the perpetual attitude of Lord DERBY. He is always more or less audibly deliberating whether it is time to run away. Now Sir RICHARD CROSS is not a Drawcalfs; but, at the same time, there is plenty of fight in him. His only hesitation—also the result of strongly developed common sense—is not whether it is time to run away, but whether it is time to charge. On this particular occasion he seems to have discovered that it is not time, though it very shortly may be; and the discovery has naturally been greeted with a flourish of trumpets and a salvo of artillery by his enemies—exhibitions of triumph which were perhaps rather premature. For it is not correct to say that Sir RICHARD CROSS was wholly occupied with criticism of the past. He had a good deal to say (though what he had to say was of course conditioned by imperfect knowledge of the actual proposals of the Government) as to the future; and even the wisecracks who contrive to supply the absence of political knowledge or insight by constantly and gravely urging both parties to let bygones be bygones and serve the country, will hardly deny that criticism of the future is among the most legitimate and important duties of an Opposition.

It is not so evident as it is sometimes assumed to be, that even if Sir R. CROSS's speech had been entirely confined to blaming the Government for the past it would have been wasted breath. There are two things which this assumption overlooks. In the first place, constituencies in the present day are decidedly harder to move than when they were more limited in numbers, and therefore superior in intelligence. It took, as the supporters of the present Ministry may remember, something like four years' reiteration of the very dubious proposition that the late Government was wholly composed of unmitigated knaves, by masters of the art of such repetition in every possible form, before the constituencies were induced to act on that proposition (and, as it appears by the sequel, on that proposition only) in 1880. It may well take as long before the much more demonstrable proposition that the present Government has shown poltroonery in the Transvaal, recklessness of law, faith, and prudence in Ireland, and vacillation in Egypt, is driven into the same dense, but retentive, substance. This, however, is the least important of the two arguments, and much the weakest. These pages in the history of Mr. GLADSTONE's Administration are by no means filled merely with accounts rendered, discharged, and cancelled. The charges found in them are full of actuality; they are, in the old Scotch phrase, "ganging pleas." Witnesses of every shade of opinion assert that by no means the last has been heard of the Transvaal; and the worthy Mr. PAUL KRUGER himself declares that "that great man, W. E. GLADSTONE," must complete the work which is only half done. The wildest partisan will hardly say that the Irish policy of the Government has borne its full fruit, evolved its last consequence, and is a

thing settled and done with. The Egyptian question is merely in its beginning. It would, therefore, be impossible for any Opposition which had not resolved simply to sit still and twirl its thumbs, to avoid repeating criticisms on such points, and the extreme importance of the last two—which may be said to affect respectively the most important domestic and the most important foreign interest of the British Empire—strengthens the obligation to handle them over and over again. If there be any fault to find from a party point of view with the conduct of the Opposition on these heads, it would probably be that their criticism has been somewhat too sparing and reticent. It has become a common, and is certainly a true, saying that a far less matter than the Kilmainham Treaty, judiciously handled, has before now driven a Ministry from office in hopeless disgrace; and it is not certain that a more positive insistence on information as to Government intentions might have prevented the costly blunder of the bombardment of Alexandria without men to land, or, worse still, with an intention not to land them. But on both these points the comparative forbearance of the Opposition at the time justifies criticism afterwards. It would appear that the Tory party has not yet learnt that sublime indifference to the interests of the country as compared with those of the party which has recently distinguished its opponents. The late Opposition, to do them justice, would hardly have let such opportunities slip by with so little use made of them.

On the points, however, of future legislation or proposed legislation on which Sir R. Cross touched, there is no obligation of this kind imposed upon the most chivalrous Opposition. The interests of the country are in no way concerned in the Government plans for London and County Government and for Parliamentary Reform; or rather, to speak from a different point of view and with more absolute accuracy, the interests of the country are most deeply concerned, if not in the defeat, at any rate in the careful criticism and modification, of those measures. They appear to be one and all conceived, as has been practically avowed by more than one Minister on more than one occasion, in a purely party spirit. The present arrangement of London municipal government is an obstacle in the way of applying the Census system, and the Corporation is decidedly Conservative. The present system of County Government has been proved to be cheap and effective, but it is in the same way an obstacle to Birmingham manipulation, and it gives power, or the semblance of power, to the class most hated by Radicals—the owners of land. There is no genuine cry whatever for an extension of the franchise, nor any for a redistribution of seats, which might not be met by a very harmless measure giving the seats of boroughs already disfranchised, or threatened with disfranchisement for misbehaviour, to large unrepresented towns, and perhaps by the creation of a few more "districts" which have a noteworthy, and in these days very desirable, habit of comparative faithfulness to their members, and which are from their very constitution not to be easily caucussed. All changes now proposed on these points will pretty certainly be made, and some of them will be made avowedly, in the party interest of the Radicals, and with nothing but a colourable pretext of regard to anything else. All of them, moreover, attack important interests which are at present by no means represented by persons of one political party only, and which therefore supply a clear gain and reinforcement to the regular Opposition. On no one of them need the slightest compunction, such as might deter a man from opposing the Government to the knife on Egyptian or Irish questions, suggest itself to the very tenderest and most patriotic conscience. They are all, moreover, measures of an intricate complexity, offering numerous points of detail on which, in matters political, issue can (by an Opposition not numerically strong) be most advantageously taken. It is difficult to imagine questions upon which, with anything like moderately skilful guidance, such an Opposition has a better chance of executing one of those defensive operations which, if successful, have all the value of a victory gained on the offensive. There being hardly any principle at stake in any one of them but a simple question of party advantage sought to be gained by the Ministry in power under the guise of a national necessity, there are no limits to the kind of opposition to be resorted to except those imposed by prudence. Hitherto the Government has, like all Governments, been in the position of that chivalrous combatant in *The Pirate*, who held his opponent's

beloved before himself as a shield against that opponent's blows. Criticism on Ireland and on Egypt has been instantly deprecated as prejudicial to English interests. This comfortable device will hardly do now that the subject of quarrel is to be found in the clauses of a gigantic scheme for virtually destroying the influence of any party except the advanced Radical, and any class except the lowest of the people. Sir RICHARD CROSS has briefly, but significantly, indicated the ground of battle, and it will be strange if others besides nominal Conservatives do not answer to the appeal.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE first question suggested by Prince NAPOLEON'S Address to his fellow-citizens is why a man of undoubted ability should have put it forth just at this moment. It is not difficult to conceive circumstances under which its appearance might at least have gained its author some credit. That it could ever have done more than this is exceedingly unlikely, for, unfortunately for himself, Prince NAPOLEON cannot dissociate himself from his antecedents, and his antecedents are not of the kind that gain public confidence. But, had he waited till the proper time came, his description of the political situation might at least have been listened to. When men feel that they are ill they are usually grateful to any one who will talk over their symptoms with them. But then they must feel ill as well as be ill before they come into this humour, and as yet the second half of the condition is wanting. Everything that Prince NAPOLEON says about the Republic is perfectly true. There is not a blunder he attributes to its rulers that they have not committed, not a misfortune predicted by him of which the germs are not already visible. But for a manifesto of this kind to make its way by its own merits, without reference to those of its author, the state of affairs which he describes must have existed for a longer time, or have given birth to more disastrous consequences, than is the case at present in France. The blunders of the Government have not yet borne their natural fruit; and, until they have, it is only a small minority of Frenchmen that care to be told of them. Consequently, the matter of Prince NAPOLEON'S Address is passed over, and only the stories that have been told about him are remembered. The general flavour of these anecdotes is not exactly such as becomes a serious political physician.

It is said that Prince NAPOLEON was moved to be thus hasty in giving his opinions to the world by the fear that he might be forestalled by the Count of CHAMBORD. If this was really his motive, he allowed himself to be very unnecessarily alarmed. There is only one announcement that the Count of CHAMBORD could make to his countrymen that would advance the cause of Royalty by a single inch, and that is the announcement of his abdication. There is no reason to suppose that he intended to make this, and any other would have left Prince NAPOLEON'S chances just what they were. No doubt, however, there are considerations which may have made it difficult for Prince NAPOLEON to hold his hand much longer. He is not a young man, and any change that may come to him with time or circumstances must necessarily be a change for the worse. The Count of CHAMBORD makes a Restoration impossible, so long as he lives and professes to reign. But he may die, or be persuaded to abdicate, and in either case there would be a very speedy end of Prince NAPOLEON'S chances. If ever the French nation turns in weary disgust from the Republic and bethinks itself of some other form of government, it will probably be to constitutional monarchy, supposing constitutional monarchy to be within reach. Even if the Count of CHAMBORD, as he may conceivably do, lives to a good old age and bars the way to an Orleanist Restoration for another generation, Prince NAPOLEON'S foes will unavoidably be those of his own household. Prince VICTOR may be the most dutiful of sons; but when he is old enough to take an active part in politics, he cannot help being his father's rival. All these reflections doubtless weighed with Prince NAPOLEON, and at last generated what proved to be an irresistible desire to publish an Address without further delay. He may have been partly actuated by a belief in the permanence of the Napoleonic legend, which is to all appearance greatly exaggerated, and in the readiness of the nation to accept him as the embodiment

of it, which has no foundation at all. But it seems more probable that the consideration which determined him to take immediate action was the consciousness that his prospects were never likely to become any better, and that if he was ever to do anything startling, he could not too soon make a beginning. He is in the position of a player who does not hold a single decent card. His play may appear exceedingly bad, but those who have looked over his hand can see how impossible it was for it to be any better.

It must be admitted, however, that Prince NAPOLEON has found some very useful friends. The one man who has seriously tried to do him a bad turn is M. DE FALLIÈRES, the Minister of the Interior. In the Cabinet Council which had to consider how the Address should be dealt with, he only advised that it should be let alone. Had this course been taken, Prince NAPOLEON's appeal to his countrymen would only have been a peg whereon to hang innumerable newspaper articles of a more or less contemptuous kind. As it was, the rest of the Ministers were kinder to him than M. DE FALLIÈRES, and he was arrested the day the manifesto appeared. It seems that the arrest was the first thing that satisfied a certain number of journals that the manifesto was not a forgery, and this fact is a very fair measure of the service which the Government have done the PRINCE. To be arrested for a political offence, and still more for a political offence the illegality of which is, to say the least, doubtful, is at once to become respectable. You must be somebody, or the Government would not think it worth their while to send you to prison. The KEEPER of the SEALS defended the act of the Cabinet on the ground that a Republican Government could not accord impunity to attacks on its own security. According to this doctrine it is not permissible for a Government to take any measure of the attacks to which it is subject. Be they serious or trifling, proceedings must equally be instituted against their authors. This is so inconvenient a line of conduct for a Government to prescribe to itself that M. DEVÈS had probably come to regret the step Ministers had taken before it fell to him to defend it in the Chamber of Deputies. However disturbed the Government may now be at the recollection, there can be little doubt that the order to arrest Prince NAPOLEON was given under a genuine sense of uneasiness. It is plain that the PRINCE himself thought that he was keeping within the law, and he probably had taken the advice of experts upon this point before determining to run the risk. It seems to be admitted that if he had been content with the publication of his Address in the *Figaro*, he would have been covered by the privileges of the press. What the Government look to in order to sustain their action is the fact that he had recourse to the billsticker. The Republic can afford to despise a newspaper, but it may be reduced to panic by a placard posted on a wall.

It is not the Government, however, that has been most forward in giving Prince NAPOLEON's manifesto an amount of significance which it could not have obtained unaided. In order of time, no doubt, the arrest was the most noticeable measure that has been resorted to, but in order of importance M. FLOQUET's Bill must have precedence. If Prince NAPOLEON has done nothing else, he has shown that at the first sign, not of danger, but of something that at another time and under other circumstances might conceivably become dangerous, a large section of the Republican party loses its head from sheer terror. The chief of the BONAPARTE family for the time being says in effect to the Republican Government, You are making a mess of it, and you will never get on any better until you submit what you have done to a plébiscite; and at once a demand is raised for the expulsion from France not only of the author of this criticism, but of every member of every family which has ever reigned in France. If this were strictly carried out, its applicability would reach to ludicrous limits; and even if the Republic stops short of entire consistency in this respect, the Bill would make exiles of some Princes from whom the Republic has no more to fear than it has from the PRINCE of WALES. The followers of M. GAMBETTA have already given proof of their fitness to govern France in his stead by supporting M. FLOQUET's proposal, and M. CLÉMENTEAU apparently sees office sufficiently near to make him anxious to protect its holders by the banishment of every conceivable rival. It seems that the Government are not prepared to go all lengths with M. FLOQUET, but that they have no objection to be armed with discretionary powers

under which a member of the families that have reigned in France may be banished if, in the opinion of the Government, he is indulging in manœuvres calculated to disturb the public peace. It is obvious that there is nothing that an unfortunate prince can do which may not appear to a timid Republican—and in France to-day you will hardly be regarded as a good Republican if you are not timid—to be a manœuvre of this kind. If such a Bill as this is passed, every BOURBON and every BONAPARTE will become an object of constant suspicion until such time as they justify suspicion by leaving France. If Prince NAPOLEON is able to bring the Republic into this ridiculous position, he will not have written in vain.

REVOLUTIONARY LEGISLATION.

THE revolutionary character of the legislation which is proposed by the Ministers cannot be fully appreciated if their different measures are considered separately. Even the proposed suppression of bribery furnishes, according to Sir HENRY JAMES, a reason or a pretext for extending the suffrage. Votes will not be worth buying if they become a drug in the political market. The fifty-thousandth part of a constituency will scarcely be worth the smallest coin; but the venal element will nevertheless be proportionately increased. At the first election under the present law, voters in many boroughs could have been bought at half-a-crown a head. The moral indignation which some purists profess when they contemplate such a spectacle would be more justly directed against unscrupulous politicians who degrade the character of the constituency for their own selfish purposes. Almost the only class of electors which has never been suspected of corruption consists of county freeholders; and, according to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the best and most ancient among existing franchises is to be abolished on the inconceivably frivolous ground that it is necessary to establish a uniform qualification. In one of his collected Essays Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, who is not generally regarded as a bigoted Tory, says that "variety of rights of suffrage is the principle of the English representation. In the reign of EDWARD I., as much as at the present moment, the members for counties were chosen by freeholders, and those for cities and towns by freemen, burgage tenants, householders, or freeholders. Now we prefer the general principle of our representation to any uniform right of suffrage, though we think that in the present state of things" [before the Reform Bill] "there are many particulars which, according to that principle, ought to be amended." The Radicals of the present day are of course not bound by the authority of a Whig of fifty or sixty years ago; but it is worth while to remember that the expediency of uniform suffrage has not always been taken for granted. It would have been difficult at the date of the Reform Bill to preserve the then existing inequalities without defeating the objects of the measure; but many thoughtful supporters of Reform regretted the necessity of establishing a uniform franchise in the boroughs. Some years later a Conservative Minister was attacked and ridiculed by the Liberal Opposition because he proposed in certain cases to assimilate the county and borough suffrage.

As household suffrage and equal electoral districts are to form a supplement to the Corrupt Practices Bill, so the institution of a London Municipality, in place of the Corporation and the other administrative bodies of the metropolis, will be closely connected with the proposed change in the electoral system. A rough calculation shows that London will be entitled to one-fifth of the representation of England and Wales, that it ought to have as many members as Scotland, and about four-fifths of the numbers allowed to Ireland. If wealth is taken into account as well as population, the proportionate share of London in the representative system will be still larger; but even the present Government can scarcely perpetrate the absurdity of handing over the exclusive possession of power to the poor in shares estimated according to the wealth which will practically cease to be represented. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL intimated an opinion that the equal electoral districts might not be exactly equal, so that London should be deprived of a portion of its share. Sir C. DILKE, on the other hand, congratulated his constituency on the enormous increase of the electoral power of the metropolitan population. The populace of Chelsea will

have the gratification of learning that the City, which is probably the richest district in the world, will lose two or three of its members. While historical and casual inequalities are among the chief securities of freedom, deliberately purposed anomalies are utterly untenable. Even if Mr. GLADSTONE agreed with his ATTORNEY-GENERAL, an arbitrary reduction of the number of members for London would be either impracticable or merely temporary. About a hundred members would represent a community which has no natural unity, no recognized common interests, and no local patriotism. Elected by democratic Clubs under the direction of a central Caucus, the members for London will perhaps approximate to the type of the members for Paris. The demagogues who will manipulate the multitudinous constituencies will almost certainly have first possessed themselves of the power, the funds, and the patronage of the municipality. Corruption will be practised on a gigantic scale, though ordinary voters may not be paid in money. All corporate offices will be bestowed as rewards for political services; and the opponents of the dominant faction will be excluded from local administration as well as from representation in Parliament.

The precedent of Birmingham is conclusive as to the effects of the Municipal Bill, combined with the intended electoral revolution. The City Corporation, the Board of Works, and the Vestries may not be perfect; but they have the great negative merit of performing their functions and recruiting their numbers without regard to the interests of political factions. Local knowledge, personal popularity, and administrative aptitude are the only methods by which candidates for municipal office can now hope to gratify their ambition. The new Town Council will be selected, like that of Birmingham, under an indispensable qualification of the profession of Radical opinions. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. SCHNADHORST, and their confederates have now for several years succeeded in excluding their Conservative fellow-townsmen from all share in the administration of the rates to which they largely contribute. It matters nothing that a tradesman or manufacturer belonging to the disfranchised minority may be known to possess the highest administrative ability, or that he may be trusted and beloved by his neighbours and dependents. If he will not call himself a Liberal, he has no access to the primary Assembly, or to the Club which it elects, and which in turn disposes of municipal office. The audacious apologies for a vile monopoly which are from time to time published by the managers of the system have the solitary merit of entire candour. No Orangeman at the beginning of the century could be prouder of the supremacy of his sect and faction than a Birmingham caucus-monger is of the success of the standing conspiracy. The disabilities of the Irish Catholics were perhaps less bitterly felt because the Protestants of the North were their superiors in civilization. In Birmingham the cultivated classes and the owners of property are hopeless of emancipation.

The metropolitan members, in close alliance with the municipal rulers of the capital, will be a formidable body. It is not to be supposed that the most reckless of legislators will arm the new Corporation by entrusting to them the appointment and control of a disciplined body of twelve thousand men; but the obscure agitators, of whom Mr. FIRTH and Mr. BEAL have alone emerged into notoriety, have generally contended for the claim of the new municipality to the management of the police. That Radical politicians are capable of still more mischievous disregard of public safety is proved by the recent proposal that the government of the Dublin police should be intrusted to the notorious Corporation. When the London Municipality has once assumed its functions, it will be difficult to resist the pressure of a gigantic Corporation and of a phalanx of a hundred members. The French Chamber, though it is apparently ready for any other innovation, has hitherto refused to give the seditious Municipality of Paris a leader under the name of Mayor. It is highly probable that the Lord Mayor of London may sometimes be a dangerous demagogue. When the proposed change is accomplished, the superiority of provincial politicians will no longer be proclaimed by Mr. GLADSTONE and his imitators. The educated part of the community, known to Radical writers and speakers as loungers in Clubs, will cease to be criticized, because they will necessarily disappear from political life. The demagogues who will take their places as typical Londoners will not be outdone in turbu-

lence, in extravagance, or in intolerance, even by the model town of Birmingham. It is not impossible that the political resident in the capital may excel his North-country or Midland competitor, as the Parisian survivor of the Commune is more violent than the local agitator of a country town. It was to facilitate legislation tending to these results that the Standing Orders of Parliament were recently modified.

THREE IRISH INCIDENTS.

ONE of the best known of the numerous, and probably apocryphal, *Porsoniana* tells how the bemused Professor once spoke disrespectfully of the course of events. Those followers of the Government who have twice during the last twelve months endeavoured to decry the centralized system of preserving order in Ireland have really some excuse for imitating PORSON. Their first attempt to clear out the Castle was completed and rounded off for them by the Phoenix Park murders. Their recent demonstration that it will never be merry in Ireland until the control of the police is handed over to Corporations popularly elected is followed still more promptly by the discovery of what is believed to be a plot to assassinate divers official persons—a plot in which at least one Town Councillor is supposed to be engaged. The enormous folly of the proposal to choose and manage the sheep-dogs according to plébiscites of the wolves requires, indeed, little comment. But such comment as it does require could hardly be given in a more practical and striking fashion than that which has been given by the actual course of events. It is too early, of course, to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of the persons arrested on Saturday; and, after certain recent proceedings, there may be some fear that the Government, between the terrorism of the anarchists and the bad management of some of their own servants, may not be able fully to substantiate their case. But, on the other hand, it is to the last degree improbable that Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVILYAN would have sanctioned a step far more momentous than any yet taken without fair grounds for believing in its success. Of its justification, apart from considerations of success, and apart from the assumption of guilt in the particular persons charged, no one who has studied the present condition of Ireland can entertain the slightest doubt. The retreat in the matter of the Land and Arrears Acts, and the advance in the direction of coercion, have in different ways inflamed the passions of the people—in the one case with greed, in the other with resentment, which, thanks to the mixed character of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy, has not passed into wholesome awe. It is the nature and tradition of a certain class of Irishmen to resist and cabal against their governors merely because they are their governors. Intelligent Englishmen have often enough wished Irish agitators the pleasure of ruling Ireland, provided that this instructive experience could be attained without danger to England. The new rulers would pretty certainly learn that "intense, all-pervading, sullen hatred of rule," in order to be felt "among the masses of the Irish people," by no means needs the proviso that the rule should be "British."

The quoted words in the last sentence are taken from the gigantic epistle which Mr. O'DONNELL contributed to the *Times* of Tuesday. Mr. O'DONNELL vouches for the existence of the amiable sentiment he describes; and though "masses" in the sense of actual numerical majority, is doubtless an exaggeration, there is no reason for disbelieving him. The cases of tyranny and oppression which he proceeds to describe are of course for the most part mere moonshine. Tyranny in an Irishman's mouth frequently, if not usually, means that he is restrained from tyrannizing over somebody else, and this definition fits most of Mr. O'DONNELL'S anecdotes of brutal magistrates interfering with the sacred liberty of indiscriminate boycotting, of harmless peasants dragged to prison for hampering the sport of their landlords, and of high-spirited journalists legally outraged for penning such simple and meaningless words as that "they are sorry to hear that So-and-so still holds the grabbed lands of So-and-so." When Mr. O'DONNELL'S applications of his particular view of tyranny, and his reproductions of the common Republican cant about personal insults, personal dignity, personal degradation and the like, are deducted from his letter, not very much remains of his premisses. But, as has been said, there is some reason for believing his conclusion. The appetite of the

Irish peasant and tenant-farmer is whetted, but far from satisfied, by the Land Act. His revenge is interfered with, and his fears for his personal safety, which are usually lively, are excited by the tardy vindication of the law. It would be very odd—it would be, indeed, almost unintelligible to any but those innocent persons who think that every Irish farmer is spending, or ought to spend, his time in singing *Te Deums* for the Land Act, with Mr. GLADSTONE's name inserted before the *Laudamus*—if a dangerous feeling did not prevail in Ireland. The Irish peasant understood in a rough sort of way the frank and uncompromising maintenance of the law which, though too rarely, has sometimes been carried out in Ireland; he does not understand, or rather he understands too well, the mongrel system of conciliation and coercion which now prevails. To be presented with a fourth of his landlord's property to-day, and hanged to-morrow if he takes what seem to him the natural means of obtaining the other three-fourths, is a combination which does not satisfy his sense of justice; or, if the phrase be preferred, his desire for a full purse and an unwarped neck. There is always discontent in Ireland, and unless a heaven-born ruler, with fixity of tenure and unlimited powers for half a century were set over it, there probably always will be. But it would be impossible for the Goddess of Discord herself to imagine a means of intensifying that discontent so certain to succeed as the policy of the present Government.

A third recent fact of great interest and significance about Ireland—of greater permanent interest and significance perhaps than the Dublin arrests, and certainly than Mr. O'DONNELL's *cahier de plaintes et doléances*—is the first attempt to sell, in the Encumbered Estates Court, an estate with judicially fixed rents. The estate was a very typical estate—one of those mountain tracts of the West on which it is the wise policy of the present Government to root a happy peasantry. The tenure was that of a lease for lives renewable for ever at a very small head rent, so that it was described as practically equal to fee simple. With a grave and agreeable irony the presiding Judge pointed out that he expected to get from twenty-five to thirty years' purchase for "this estate, with rents paid like the Bank of Ireland or nearly so." The highest price actually offered amounted to between eleven and twelve years' purchase of the lowered and judicially fixed rent. It must be a very ingenious person who succeeds in blinding himself or any one else to the obvious significance of this. Whether the reluctance of purchasers be attributed to a belief that the tenants (whose average rent seems to be about five pounds per man) cannot pay, which is not improbable, or to a belief that the rents, fixed as they are, are fixed only until it pleases English Radicals to cut them down further, does not much matter, though each supposition carries with it important consequences of its own. The result is equally plain in either case, that capital will have nothing to do with Ireland. The operations of the conciliators have, therefore, had this double and admirable effect. They have fixed the pauper tenant on the land, and they have driven the capitalist landlord away from it. They have rendered it difficult, if not impossible, for the encumbered proprietor to do what the latest school of his mentors implores him to do—to get rid of part of his property in order to devote himself to the improvement and proper management of the rest. They have secured for the tenants the agreeable prospect of exchanging landlords, whenever they do exchange them, with no gain but the acquisition of some speculator who is reckless enough to take what others will not take, and who therefore is certain to use to the uttermost the rights which the laws have just solemnly reserved to him, and which, for some years at any rate, those laws for very shame cannot disturb. To be the tenant of a bankrupt or a speculative landlord has always been recognised as the worst of misfortunes for a farmer; and this misfortune the supporters of the Land Act policy may be said to have secured permanently to at least a large proportion of the tenants of Ireland. It is characteristic, by the way, of the mental calibre of some Irishmen, that they charge the opponents of the Land Act with a desire to ignore Irish distress, when it is in itself the very strongest argument against Mr. GLADSTONE's policy that that policy has rendered distress necessarily endemic. But, not content with securing to the Irish farmer in many cases poverty from below, the friends of Ireland have determined to secure for him the

certainty of no assistance from above. His present landlord, unless he is a CRESUS, must be unable, and unless he is an angel will be unwilling, to help him. What any future landlord is likely to be, the first sale or failure of a sale under Land Act rents sufficiently shows.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN AGAIN.

IF to be irrepressible is a mark of greatness Sir EDWARD WATKIN is among the greatest personages of his time. A commonplace man would have been extinguished by the Report of the Channel Tunnel Committee. He would have seen in the multitude and variety of the precautions recommended, and in the obvious justice of throwing the cost of making and keeping up these precautions on the makers of the Tunnel, an insurmountable financial obstacle to the prosecution of his project. In the intimation of the Committee, that even when these precautions had been taken it would be impossible to say positively that our security against invasion was as complete as it had been before, he would have seen an equally insurmountable patriotic obstacle. To suppose that the Channel Tunnel Company can take upon itself to construct and maintain a whole series of costly fortifications is to credit it with an annual income such as falls to the share of few commercial undertakings. It would be rash to set bounds to Sir EDWARD WATKIN's imagination; but even he can hardly persuade himself that any Government, however favourably disposed towards the Tunnel, would impose a burden on the taxpayers which but for the Tunnel need have been borne by no one. Yet, if Sir EDWARD WATKIN does not think this, he must either take the sanguine view just mentioned, and be prepared to treat the building and arming of fortresses as merely an unimportant item in the Company's balance-sheet, or see no objection to dispensing with additional fortifications altogether. In the latter case Sir EDWARD WATKIN must plainly love his Company first and his country afterwards. Even if we make the very most of the difference of opinion alleged to exist among military experts as to the possibility of guarding ourselves against the new dangers created by the Tunnel, no one denies that there are such dangers. The only question that admits of dispute is whether they could be removed by the adoption of the safeguards recommended by the Committee. If Sir EDWARD WATKIN neither expects the Government to pay for these safeguards nor proposes that the Submarine Continental Railway Company shall pay for them, he must clearly be prepared to dispense with them. The Chairman of "one of the most profitable enterprises ever undertaken" cannot afford to be patriotic. In comparison with large prospective demands and a capital steadily increasing in value, the maintenance of our insular security becomes a matter of no moment. Perhaps, if we could all be directors of one of the most profitable enterprises ever undertaken, we should be equally careless of the consequences. Happily it is only some half-dozen Englishmen who can call this proud position their own, and the remainder are consequently free from all temptation to prefer the interests of any undertaking, however profitable, to the interests of the nation.

Sir EDWARD WATKIN has evidently but a poor opinion of the intellects of his shareholders. This is proved by his venturing to tell them in his speech at the ordinary general meeting the other day that it was very odd that the only nation in which there is a whisper of dissent from the plan is England. This is very much like consoling a man who is going to be hanged by the assurance that he is the only person who has even hinted an objection to his execution. Why should other nations be more anxious than ourselves to protect us from invasion? They may fairly say that if we do not mind chancing it, it is no business of theirs to quarrel with our taste. Sir EDWARD WATKIN's love of country is kept under such severe restraints that he does not even wish to see us protected against invasion unless we deserve it. His contention is that the moment we are so weak that we can be attacked, we deserve to be attacked. Less stern patriots will feel a degrading desire to be saved from attack when they are weakest. If Sir EDWARD WATKIN's theory is to be accepted, we ought to put down our army and navy, dismantle our fortifications, sell our guns and military stores, and then, confident in our own "manhood and solidity," await the issue. The nation

that can fall so low as to avail itself of such accidental advantages as a large army, a powerful fleet, or the interposition of twenty miles of sea between itself and its neighbours, is plainly wanting in manhood and solidity. Sir EDWARD WATKIN was worthily seconded at the meeting by one of his brother directors and by an enthusiastic shareholder. Mr. CAZALET declared that he had expected the opposition to the Tunnel to come from France, not from England. But the strangest thing of all, Mr. CAZALET thought, was that the opposition to the Tunnel should be headed by "the hero of Tel-el-Kebir." It is scarcely kind of Mr. CAZALET to throw such a conundrum as this upon the world without giving the least hint of the answer:—"Why may the hero of Tel-el-Kebir be expected to approve the Channel Tunnel?" We are reminded of the little Anabaptist child who, when the clergyman put the question in the Catechism, "Why, then, are children baptized?" replied, "Why indeed, sir." Lord WOLSELEY's success in Egypt has not blinded him, as Mr. CAZALET seems to think it ought to have done, to all dangers nearer home. Mr. BYNG takes a slightly different view of Lord WOLSELEY's position. He is not surprised, as Mr. CAZALET is, that he should have gone wrong in the first instance; but he is more hopeful that he will repent and amend his ways. He expressed his belief that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Lord WOLSELEY would, on further consideration, "see the propriety of withdrawing their opposition to the Tunnel." It does not seem to have occurred to either of these ingenuous gentlemen that the best way of inducing the Duke of CAMBRIDGE and Lord WOLSELEY to reconsider their opposition would be to answer their arguments.

It is pretty clear that Sir EDWARD WATKIN is anxious not to have the question further investigated. He entirely ignores the announcement of the Government last Session that the project of a Channel Tunnel would be referred to a Joint Committee of both Houses, and challenges Ministers to say, as soon as Parliament meets, "whether the disciples of the late Mr. CORDEN believe in him still, or whether they think the policy of 'isolation and separation is to be reinstituted between England and France.'" They have no right, he considers, to preserve absolute silence on so important an international question. They "ought to give their opinions publicly in no uncertain language." Sir EDWARD WATKIN knows perfectly well that the Government do not intend to give their opinions publicly about the Channel Tunnel until after the conclusions of the Military Committee have been considered by the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons; and his object seems to be to irritate them into abandoning this reserved attitude, and announcing their conclusion at once without taking the opinion of a Joint Committee. If they do this, it is plain that the Tunnel must be condemned. No Government would fly in the face of the Military Committee and of their own most trusted General unless they were backed by a strong Parliamentary Committee. Why, then, does Sir EDWARD WATKIN wish to precipitate a decision unfavourable to the construction of the Tunnel? The only explanation that offers itself is that Sir EDWARD is sure that the Report of the Joint Committee will go against him, and that he thinks it better to be able to represent the decision as the act of the Government than as the act of both Houses of Parliament. By this means he will be able to represent the rejection of the scheme as merely due to the timidity or the inconsistency of a particular Ministry, and to urge upon their successors the propriety of taking a wider and more statesmanlike view of the issues involved. The same considerations which lead Sir EDWARD WATKIN to take this view will, it may be hoped, confirm the Government in their original decision. Though a declaration on their part that they mean to oppose the Bill would probably lay it on the shelf for so long a time as they themselves are in office, there would be no Parliamentary decision recorded against it. The more anxious Sir EDWARD WATKIN shows himself to stave off such a decision, the more important it becomes to obtain it. From this point of view, the appointment of a strong Joint Committee will be the best mode of ending a controversy in which all the arguments are on one side and all the persistence on the other.

SOCIALISTIC SCHOOLING.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has in a very remarkable degree the virtue of candour. What many men would almost instinctively think of disguising he says plainly out. His speech at the Birmingham Town Hall on Monday was an excellent example of this frankness. He came there to talk about elementary education; but it was not education that came first to his mind when he remembered that the last time he had stood on that platform with Mr. MUNDELLA was when the National Education League was being formed. "I don't think," he said significantly, "that any of us have any reason to regret the 'part we took in that great agitation or the results which followed from it.'" Certainly Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself has had no such reason. "One of those results," he went on, "was to bring Birmingham into the forefront of the 'political movement of our time, and there it has remained ever since—a tower of strength and a rallying centre to all true Liberals throughout the country.'" Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has prospered with Birmingham. It is Birmingham and Birmingham organization that has carried him into Parliament and into the Cabinet. That is a very unusual result for an educational movement to have; and if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had not been the able and vigorous man he is, he would not, of course, have reaped so large a harvest from such a small expenditure in seed. But the statement is incidentally valuable as showing how large a part politics played in the calculations of the Education League. It was a case of one word for elementary education and two for Birmingham. Happy they who in furthering the interest of the city where their heart is can benefit the city where their treasure is also!

Cardinal MANNING has been kind to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, for he has given him a hope that the Education Acts may yet be revised to the detriment of denominational schools. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's detestation of denominational schools has perhaps been sustained by the compulsion under which he so long lay of having to sit in the same Cabinet with the author of the compromise of 1870; but he seems to be of opinion that nothing can now be done to disturb it unless the denominationalists themselves reopen the controversy. But if they do—if they dream of putting their hands in the pockets of the ratepayers as well as in those of the taxpayers—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is rejoiced to think that they will probably pay for their presumption. Let the denominationalists remember how much they have got already, and how little right they have to it. It would have been wise in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to omit the enumeration of the good things the denominationalists have got, so as to leave the sum of them invested with all the horror of mystery. This is not his own view, however. He is convinced that the recital of the public benefits conferred on the managers of voluntary schools will excite a healthy animosity against a class which so recklessly sponges on the community. Two of these benefits might rather have been looked for on the other side of the ledger. The Act of 1870 "has doubled the average attendance at their schools, and it has enabled them to obtain, in the shape of fees, something like an additional sum of half a million a year." It might have been thought that, the object of the State being to get as many children educated as possible, it would have looked at the increase in the attendance at voluntary schools as the consideration for its increased grants. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would apparently be better pleased if the result of giving voluntary schools a larger share in the Parliamentary grant had been to empty them of children. As regards the fees, every penny of the additional half-million has been earned. The Education Department takes care that voluntary schools do not fall below a given standard as regards teaching and the appliances of teaching; and what is given to each child in this way is certainly worth the 2d. or 3d. per week which is paid for it. No doubt the Parliamentary grant is the backbone of voluntary education; but when it is considered first that for every shilling paid in this way sixpence is drawn from local sources—these local sources being, not, as in the case of Board schools, the already overburdened rates, but private liberality—and next that the religious difficulty which in other countries seems inseparable from State schools is altogether avoided, the three-quarters of a million which sits so heavily on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's imagination seems not ill laid out. The subscribers to voluntary schools pay more than 300,000l. a year to the expenses of education over and above what they pay for the same end in rates

and taxes. If they declined to pay this 300,000l. any longer, the simple result would be that the community would have to provide it. Nothing but that curious passion of irreligion which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN seems to have borrowed from the Continental Radicals could account for the perverse desire which he seems to cherish for the realization of this beneficent result. The way in which the religious question has been dealt with in France is evidently the ideal which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would like to see realized in England. "M. GAMBETTA made it a chief point in his policy to draw a sharp line of distinction between the Church and the State in all matters of education." Undoubtedly he did; but it remains to be seen whether M. GAMBETTA's attitude in religious matters has not done the Republic as much mischief as in other ways he did it service. Republicans of the type of M. ANDRIEU seem to be of this opinion, and M. ANDRIEU is not exactly the man to have publicly repented of his quarrel with the Church, unless he thought that, according to present appearances, the Church is not an enemy by provoking whom there is anything to be gained. It is true the circumstances of the two countries are very different; but it is a difference which cuts both ways. The supporters of free schools in France probably have a stronger hold on some parts of the population than the supporters of voluntary schools in England; but, on the other hand, the supporters of free schools in France have in times past given the State very much more occasion of quarrel than the supporters of voluntary schools in England. If the conflict which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would not be sorry to see break out in this country would be less hurtful to the State than the similar conflict in France, it would also be far more unprovoked.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN sees clearly enough that voluntary schools are not to be dealt with by direct attack. The only way of getting rid of them is to starve them out. To withdraw the Parliamentary grant would be difficult, and might not be completely efficacious. To make the Board school free is to enlist on the side of their destruction the natural desire of each parent to get his children taught as cheaply as possible. Consequently, the abolition of school fees is put forward by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, not indeed as part of the Government programme, but as something to be impressed upon the Cabinet, or rather upon the reactionary and unwilling members of the Cabinet, if there are any such, by external pressure. "So long," Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says, "as the working classes are content to go on paying fees for the education of their children, as well as rates and taxes, I really don't know how any Government can interfere; but I marvel at the patience with which Englishmen bear the infliction." That is a pretty plain invitation to them not to bear it thus patiently any longer, and if this is once taken up as a cue by the Caucuses all over England, the evidence of their unwillingness will be easily manufactured. It is the school fees, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, that "account for at least half the vacant places in our schools; they make compulsion unpopular, and if the fees were abolished, I am not certain that compulsion would be at all necessary." This last observation shows that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has never troubled himself to inquire what are the real difficulties in the way of education. If he had, he would have found that it is not so much the money that has to be spent, as the money that has to be foregone, that is the real obstacle. If he could command his child's services, a parent might often be able to increase his earnings by some shillings a week. He has to sacrifice this because the law declares that no man shall send his child to work until it shall have attained a prescribed age or passed a certain standard of education. It is the natural desire of the parent to put the wages of the child into his pocket, in addition to his own wages, that makes compulsion disliked. If that were left untouched, the mere removal of the obligation now laid upon him of finding the additional 2d. or 3d. a week which the schooling costs him would go for little. It will not be surprising if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN eventually comes forward with a proposal for paying to every parent out of public moneys the sum which he may be supposed to lose weekly by sending his child even to a free school. This would certainly be one way of remedying that unequal distribution of wealth which he assigns as a reason why the enjoyments and advantages that education brings with it should be given to the very poorest at the cost of the

State. It might seem, perhaps, a more directly Socialist proposal than the one to which he stands committed; but we do not see that, except in appearance, there would be much to choose between the two.

CROWNER'S QUEST-LAW.

WE had occasion last week to speak of a nuisance which, it is to be feared, is still growing and thriving—the intolerable length to which trials are too often allowed to run, and the even yet more intolerable change which has come over the duration and character of preliminary procedure. The inquiry into the death of Dr. EDWARDES at Hounslow is a striking illustration of an ordinary practice, which may be said to have begun with the BRAVO case, of allowing an inquest to assume a scope far beyond what its scope should be, and to become the means of subjecting witnesses to a peculiarly horrible form of cross-examination. For, whatever he may be in theory, a Coroner does not often in practice possess the discretion and learning which are supposed to be the attributes of a judge; and when questions which would at once be stopped in a court of law are put the solicitors engaged to attend the inquest are generally left to wrangle the matter out amongst themselves as best they may. Meanwhile the Coroner's court-room becomes for similar reasons, and like the court-rooms of which Mr. BRET HARTE tells us, or like a certain English court of law not very long ago, a sort of semi-theatrical bear-garden, in which opinions on the part of the audience are freely expressed by word of mouth, by groans, by hisses, and by hand-clappings. Every now and then there is a feeble threat to have the Court cleared, but the intelligent spectators have no doubt learnt by this time to estimate such threats at precisely their right value. Apart from the scandal attending the conversion of what should be a brief and orderly inquiry—merely to discover the actual cause of death—into a kind of variety entertainment of a most repulsive sort, it is to be observed that serious harm to the cause of justice is likely to result from such a practice being allowed to continue. Let us suppose, for instance, that a Coroner's inquest is held in a case as to which, for one reason or another, public opinion runs high; that newspapers see their way to a *succès de scandale*, and give long reports of the various stages of an inquiry into which every sort of irrelevant and sensational matter is allowed to be imported; and that, after the inquiry has dragged its weary length out, another inquiry into the same set of circumstances is held in another place. What chance, under these conditions, would there be of ensuring that the other inquiry should be conducted with absolute impartiality, or with such an approach to absolute impartiality as justice demands? How should twelve men be got together who had not practically made up their minds as to the bearings of the case before ever they came into the box? How, in short, should the very obvious danger of the case having been practically prejudged be avoided? This, whether it affects or does not affect the particular case which has given rise to these remarks, is, as it seems to us, a serious consideration, and one which should be taken well into account if the alterations so long talked of in the whole system of inquests are ever attempted by the Legislature.

With regard to the Hounslow case, it is peculiarly valuable as an instance of the scandal of these perverted and protracted inquiries, because the Coroner himself, with an engaging frankness, admitted the existence of the scandal, and seemed to imply that he really could not help it. It is, no doubt, easy to understand that, to a person who has not had any judicial training, the exercise of stern judicial functions may not come altogether easily; and it may possibly be thought that the system is more to blame than is a given person who is called on under it to discharge duties which do not seem particularly within his ken. However these things may be, few people will be found to disagree with Dr. DIPLOCK's curiously exact characterization of the proceedings which have been permitted to go on for so long before him. "There could be no doubt," he is reported to have said, "that in this inquiry considerable latitude had been allowed beyond what was necessary in ascertaining what was the cause of death; but the case was one of public interest"—i.e. of interest to the public—"and, although it involved serious inconvenience to himself, he had not

"restricted the inquiry, because he did not see that there was any other manner in which the case could be thoroughly investigated." It would seem that the Coroner's powers of vision are somewhat limited. "He was willing that the investigation should be made a means of determining the character of the charge against the deceased. But"—and this is a curious comment upon his willingness—"strictly, so far as the inquest was concerned, the necessary evidence was taken at the first inquiry," which ought, of course, also to have been the last. "It was more a matter of concession than of right to have gone on with the evidence so far." It may be, as we have suggested, that Dr. DIPLOCK felt a not unnatural difficulty about refusing to make the concession, as he called it; and one cannot but have a certain respect for the complete frankness of the confession just quoted, which is, however, as strong an argument against the continuance of the present system as could be desired. If, as things are now constituted, Coroners do not feel themselves strong enough to set their faces resolutely against such "concessions" as were made in the BRAYO case, and have again been made in the Hounslow case, then the sooner these matters are differently ordered the better.

Another matter connected with the Hounslow inquest, and with all similar inquiries, is perhaps even more deplorable, inasmuch as the chance of its being remedied seems far more remote. We refer to the detestable habit of pandering to a morbid curiosity in certain daily newspapers which, not content with giving a detailed report of the evidence at each stage of the inquiry, must needs also give what is called "a descriptive report" in large type of the appearance and dress of the witnesses, the look and arrangements of the room in which the inquiry is carried on, and the manner in which witnesses who are unpopular with the crowd which is permitted to turn the room into a bear-garden accomplish their arrival and departure. These odious descriptive reports have in certain prints become a necessary accompaniment of any public inquiry which seems to afford promising material for an appeal to the lowest kind of curiosity, and against them it may be of little use to protest. A protest may, however, be entered against such a paper as the *Daily News* admitting into the columns of its report of the actual evidence revolting details which its daily contemporaries have studiously kept out.

THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE GREAT KING.

LITTLE more than a stone's throw from the telegraph wires which convey commands from Downing Street to the Viceroy of India stand the ruins of Persepolis, the Summer Palace of the Great King. In these days of Archaeological Surveys and Scientific Expeditions despatched to the four quarters of the globe at the expense of enlightened Governments and learned Societies, it is certainly astonishing that no systematic investigation has ever yet been undertaken of the great artificial platform on which stood the halls and palaces of Darius and his successors. Great sums have at various times been wastefully expended on Persepolis. A moiety of what was disbursed by the French Government in the production of the luxurious folios of Messrs. Flandrin and Coste's *Voyage en Perse*, if judiciously expended on the spot, might have enabled those artists to get the earth and rubbish cleared off the platform under their personal superintendence; and, to cite but one point, the curious system of drains ramifying through this Cyclopean masonry, and of which no outlet has ever yet been found, might then have been thoroughly explored. Judging from the immense quantities of archaeological and artistic treasures which the mud of the Cloaca Maxima has preserved to us intact from the times of the Tarquins, we might well hope that in the silt of the drain which pierces the foundations of the Hall of Xerxes there might yet be found personal ornaments and household utensils which had belonged to those who attended the Court of the Great King. In the plans of Persepolis hitherto published these drains have always been very incorrectly marked. Their number is very considerable, and they ramify through the whole structure of the platform in almost every direction; and, but that they are now, for the most part, choked up with *débris*, they would seem to allow of underground communication between the various palaces. Such was probably the intention of the builder, for the passage of the drain was originally high enough to enable a man to pass through without stooping; at present, however, the inquisitive traveller has to crawl about on hands and knees; and, to say nothing of the discomfort and the dirt, runs grave risk of disturbing the siesta of some stray panther, or, perchance, even a lion-whelp, these cool retreats being a favourite lair with the wild beasts from the neighbouring hills. There is a particularly large species of viper, too, which infests the dark holes and corners in the masonry; its body attains the thickness of a man's arm, and its bite is said by the natives to cause instant death.

It is perhaps curious that nothing should be positively known of the manner in which the ruin of Persepolis was brought about. The Greek historians relate how Alexander the Great in a moment of drunken frenzy, and instigated, it is said, by Thais, fired with his own hand the palace of the Persian monarch. Subsequent writers, however, have altogether disbelieved the story, and have referred the ruin of Persepolis to the epoch of the Mahometan Conquest. Against this last view it may be urged that no account is to be found in the Moslem historians of any destruction of these palaces having taken place at the time of the Conquest; and, bearing in mind that many of the early annalists and geographers in Islam were converted Persians, we should certainly have had some account of the matter had the devastation of what they held to be the Throne of Jamshid been an event of the days of their grandfathers, and the work of the iconoclastic Arab. As tending to confirm the Greek tradition of the destruction having been caused by fire, the traveller may still observe the mark of flames on the doorways and broken pillars of the edifice known as the Hall of Hundred Columns. A curious indication of the material used for the roof of this Hall is to be obtained from the pieces of charcoal and charred wood which form a layer extending apparently over the whole floor of the building. At the present day the area of the Hall is covered to the depth of some ten feet by hardened mud and rubbish, mostly detritus brought down by the winter rains from the hill at the foot of which the palace stands; but digging, which has been undertaken to ascertain the position and number of the columns, has everywhere brought to light a stratum of mud containing bits of charcoal, this stratum being some twelve inches in thickness, and lying within an inch or so of the marble blocks forming the floor of the Hall. This charcoal we may take to be the remains of beams and interior fittings brought down at the falling in of the roof. Examination under the microscope shows that the wood of which we have here the charred remains came from a tree of the pine family, and from the markings of the grain still visible in the charcoal, even after a lapse of two thousand years, the species may be identified as that of the cedar. Now cedars do not grow in any of the regions round Persepolis; the nearest cedars are those of the Lebanon; and though there is no documentary evidence on the subject, we may with some probability regard this as the spot whence came the beams for roofing the Hall of Hundred Columns, if we call to mind the analogous circumstances at Nineveh, where cedar charcoal has also been found, and where clay tablets are extant, bearing edicts in cuneiform-writing relating to the transport of this timber from the coast of the Mediterranean overland to the valley of the Tigris.

The ruins of the Persepolitan palaces have a strange skeleton-like appearance, very striking on coming for the first time up the gigantic stairway from the plain on to the platform. Of each edifice the framework, so to speak, still stands, but of walls nothing remains. The buildings were but one story high. Doorways and windows, with here and there columns crowned by the quaint double-griffin capitals, stand out sharp against the blue sky, appearing in many cases almost as freshly carved as in the days of Alexander the Great. These are all of the black marble quarried in the neighbouring mountains; the walls of the buildings, on the other hand, would seem to have been built of sun-dried brick, for of these absolutely no vestige remains. The black doorways and window-frames of the palace of Darius will remind the traveller most strangely of the "wings" of a theatre. He may walk out of a door and return through the space intervening between it and the neighbouring window. The original walls were so thick that the sculptured slabs of marble lining the exits are often a couple of yards broad, and these, viewed from the end of the hall with the figures in bas-relief standing out life-size from the polished surfaces, certainly intensify the stage-like effect so incongruous in these chambers of the Great King.

In some cases the appearance of the ruins would lead one to imagine that the buildings were never entirely completed. Close to the Palace of Darius there is found a mound between twenty-five and thirty feet high, which was always supposed to cover some architectural treasure. An enlightened Persian prince, who a few years back spent a fortnight on the platform in the company of the chief banker of Shiraz and a learned German professor, instituted some diggings, which were unfortunately carried out in a rather perfunctory manner. Determined to set at rest the question presented by this mound, they ran three trenches through it, two parallel and one across, but were disappointed by finding no trace of walls or buildings of any sort. The whole mound, which covers the space of about a quarter of an acre, was found to consist entirely of stone-chips, and would seem, in short, to consist of the *débris* thrown there by the stœcæmons employed in the building of one of the neighbouring palaces, which rubbish, though lying in the very shadow of the Palace of Darius, was for some inexplicable reason never carted away. The earthquakes so common in this part of Fars, together with the lapse of twenty centuries, must be held to have brought about the general ruin of Persepolis rather than any purposely mischievous assault from the hand of man. In point of fact, it is astonishing that such magnificent building material as these marble blocks present should have been so little pilfered by the inhabitants of the plain of Mervdasht. For the last thousand years, it is true, no large town has existed in the immediate vicinity. Istakhr, three miles distant—the provincial capital before the Arab conquest—fell into decay as soon as Shiraz, thirty miles to the south, rose on what had been the camping-ground of the Moslem army. A single instance of theft

is to be found in the three doorways of Persepolitan marble, which now crown a small hillock some two hours distant and to the east of this last city. Who brought them here over the abominably hilly and stony road connecting the Shiraz plain with that of Persepolis, it would be difficult now to ascertain. There is no inscription; tradition is dumb; and no reference to the matter has yet been found in any of the local historians. Measurements indubitably prove that these huge marble blocks originally formed doorways in the Palace of Darius at Persepolis; the empty places remain there, and the sculpture on the architrave and jambs is identically the same with that on the blocks still *in situ*. In this case, as in so many others, a little digging would perhaps explain the mystery which attaches itself to their present situation.

In the neighbourhood of Shiraz, on a hill an hour's ride to the north-east, the traveller comes upon some wells which would also seem to date back to the days of the Great King; for the labour involved in their construction certainly points to a dynasty more magnificent in its undertakings for the royal pleasure than either the Parthian, the Sassanian, or the Arab. Near the top of this very precipitous hill, with no trace of masonry to mark the site of fort or palace, there yawns an opening, perfectly rectangular, about eight yards by six, which is the mouth of a well going straight down into the bowels of the mountain. The shaft is cut in the live rock, the sides are as perpendicular as the plumb line could make them, and the depth, as ascertained by the time of a falling stone, something under 400 feet, the bottom at present being dry. Within a distance of fifty yards on the same hill are two other similar wells; and local tradition asserts that there is underground communication among the three. This theory finds support in the fact that when a pistol is fired at the mouth of one of these wells with a view of disturbing the siesta of the pigeons who flock thither at the noontide heats, the noise made by their wings, at first very loud, gets gradually fainter, as though the birds were escaping through some lateral galleries. They certainly betake themselves in some manner away from the perpendicular shaft without coming out at the upper mouth, though there is no evidence to prove that their exit takes place through either of the other two wells. The labour expended on the boring of these wells must have been enormous. If the object was merely to secure the water supply for some fort which originally crowned these heights, one cannot see why a shaft 24 feet by 18, and so accurately cut, should have been required. Were they indeed wells, or were they intended as passages for the sudden exit of troops from some fortress built here to hold the plain in awe? In the latter case, some sort of spiral staircase would necessarily have been attached to the walls of the shaft, of which at the present day no trace remains. Unfortunately for science, no traveller has yet visited Shiraz sufficiently enterprising to go down the 400 feet of perpendicular side with rope or ladder. Curious relics of bygone times might certainly be found at the bottom, but without a proper windlass and better ropes than those now made in Fars, the risk of a broken neck would cool the ardour of the most venturesome antiquary; and so, up to the present, the pigeons alone enjoy the sight of the secret treasures which possibly lie at the bottom of these astounding shafts. As we have said before, there is now no vestige of building left on the hill to indicate in any way the date of their construction, nor is there any inscription apparent on the sides of any of the wells to aid us in our investigations. Tradition, as usual in Persia in the case of anything out of the common, ascribes the work to Suleiman ibn Dáúd and his Jinns.

In all the districts of and around Persepolis the traveller is thus constantly stumbling on the most curious relics of an ancient world—constructions of which the age, and often the use, seem involved in impenetrable mystery. We have tombs in the mountain flanks containing empty sarcophagi; deep defiles, in whose rocky sides the most curious little chambers have been excavated, perfectly cubical, and entered by one small square aperture; and, again, in the plain near Pasargadæ, not far from the Tomb of Cyrus, the traveller comes on two great cubes of white marble, with a chamber hollowed in the interior of each, access being gained by a sort of window, while the interior chamber is large enough for a man to stand up in. Despite the decipherment of cuneiform and the reading of Pahlavi inscriptions, the mystery surrounding the innumerable objects found in these plains is still almost as great as ever. Much might be cleared up at the expense of but a small amount of systematic digging, scientifically directed; and it certainly argues little in favour of the British taste for discovery and investigation that for many years past our Government has had a large staff of telegraphists in Persia, commanded by a colonel in the Royal Engineers, with highly educated officers under him, and yet that not a shovelful of earth has ever been turned over, nor a single paper cast taken under their direction. We will mention but one instance where a little work promptly and carefully performed would still preserve to us a long cuneiform inscription of Darius, now every year crumbling more and more away. We refer to the Babylonian text on the rock-cut tomb of that monarch within a hundred yards of which our telegraphists pass and repass in their inspection of the wires. This inscription has never yet been accurately copied; a photograph of it, taken necessarily at a considerable distance out on the plain, has, it is true, been made, but the wedges in this were so minute as to be almost illegible. What is needed is a paper squeeze of the inscription, and to make this a slight scaffolding would have to be set up against the face of the rock to a height of about fifty feet, in order that some other inscriptions on the sculptures above the tomb might at the same time be investigated.

If these interesting tablets of the Great King are to be preserved for our Western science, the task of copying them must be undertaken without delay, for the frosts of each successive winter increase the disintegration of the rock in which they are cut, and in a few years' time all the sharpness of the wedges will have finally disappeared, rendering the inscription almost illegible.

Persepolis and Pasargadæ may still have to wait for many years the appearance of a second Schliemann; but surely some little might be accomplished by our own countrymen out in Persia, and perhaps the story current among the muleteers of the plain of Persepolis might with profit be investigated, according to which, at the distance of but a couple of days' journey eastward up the plain of Mervdasht, beyond the lake, there is visible on the mountain side a rock-cut tomb similar to that of Darius, and bearing inscriptions in arrow-head that no Feringhee has yet seen.

THE PUBLIC SPIRIT OF THE WHIGS.

OUR masters (who are not yet by any means educated, and who, with all respect to Mr. Mundella and Mr. Chamberlain, show very few signs of soon being so) are, according to an authoritative statement from their own side, which the *Quarterly Review* has unkindly reproduced, "careless of impressing themselves with the historic." To the despicable person who does care to impress himself with the historic, nothing is more impressive than the way in which not merely history, but what may be called historic accidents, repeat themselves. The public spirit of the Whigs, for instance, is a title which a man of genius hit upon nearly two hundred years ago, yet it has ever since been reproducing itself *come fa la luna*. This public spirit was said by partisans to be originally shown by an ardent desire to continue a war which had long ceased to have the slightest meaning as concerned English interest or English honour, but which was exceedingly profitable to certain persons. At its reappearances it has shown a certain faculty of metamorphosis, through the phases of which it is not necessary to pursue it. But at the present time it has an almost novel meaning; it enters on a phase which has not been visible before. For some years the spirit of the Whigs has been, like some other spirits, considerably over or under proof. They faithfully toiled to put Mr. Gladstone into power; and Mr. Gladstone, ever since he has been in power, has alternately disgusted their men and trampled on their principles. From utmost Scotland to utmost Ireland, from Mull to Kerry, the Duke of Argyll pipes mournfully to the Marquess of Lansdowne a tune of Whig lamentation; and if the Marquess of Lansdowne had been made by nature as vocal as his superior in general and inferior in Parliamentary rank, he would doubtless answer. There is not a Whig principle that Mr. Gladstone has not carefully and almost ostentatiously selected for treading on, as if it were the favourite corn of a mortal enemy. The English Whigs who in the Lower House represent the party almost unhelped from the sister kingdoms have been less recalcitrant than their elder brothers and fathers in the Upper. There remains, indeed, on record the famous revolt in which Mr. Heneage almost persuaded Mr. Gladstone to have regard to the Decalogue, and the other more famous occasion on which Mr. Lambton, to the glacial horror of a House which for once had a sort of glimmer that its deity was mortal, talked of "getting another Government," as if Governments (and such Governments!) grew on the hedges for any man to pluck. But, on the whole, the party has manifested its public spirit chiefly by an enormous capacity of swallow. It has perhaps sworn by, it has certainly eaten, and the younger and livelier among its members have even made as though they liked the leek. Wherefore at last a refreshing dew of place (said by scandalous tradition to be specially dear to the Whig) has fallen upon it. Lord Derby, who in his family at any rate may be said to have travelled a kind of loop-line from Whiggism, and found the points invitingly open at the junction, is advanced (or would it be more correct to say shelved?) very high. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice finds that if a younger brother cannot allow himself a conscience like an elder one, there are certain condolences, certain vails. Mr. Brand is, not, it is believed, for the first time of his life—for there are guns at the Wellington Barracks—surveying ordnance. Nothing has yet fallen to Mr. Lambton's lot. The bare idea of "another Government" being procurable is probably too hideous to Mr. Gladstone for that. But still, as a whole, the party ("the wreck of what you was," as a last-century poet ungrammatically, but in the context morally, observes) is enjoying a summer of content in the midst of winter, as it were by the operation of a beneficent *tregetour*. To Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and Mr. Brand enters a person of the name of Arch, who seems to have been for the occasion sufficiently gifted with the tongues to utter a very decided *Mene tekel*.

Mr. Joseph Arch (it is remarkable how often greatness appears to be fated to the name of Joseph) is, in some senses, a man of yesterday; but he is probably also one of to-morrow. With less knowledge of the world than some namesakes of his, Mr. Arch failed to perceive that a party which is led by Mr. Gladstone will never give support to an agitator unless he can work a lever which has some real purchase. Mr. Arch's clients have hitherto been levers destitute of fulcrum, and he has lacked countenance accordingly. But, now that the County Franchise is being trotted out, rather stiff in the legs, from the Government stable, Mr. Arch, who is used to the animal, is likely to become a person of consider-

ably more importance than he has been. In the interval which must elapse before he can become the O'Connell of the English labourers, Mr. Arch appears to have been taken in hand by the Radicals of Hull—a borough where at present moderate Liberals, of an abominable independence, mock and flout the Liberal name. He has been selected by the Hull Radicals to oppose the sitting members—a statement which, if it be not a word to the Tories, is assuredly not a word to the wise. Mr. Arch has been delivering his soul of its sentiments. These sentiments have been but imperfectly reported by a disdainful metropolitan press, which, as Mr. Gladstone knows, is persistently contemptuous of the best things. But enough has (not in the usual reporter's sense) transpired to show that they must have been interesting statements. Mr. Arch has not hitherto been a very successful man, and the climax of his ill success may be thought to have been reached by the egregious Mr. Wren bracketing him with himself as competent to give evidence of corrupt practices in country constituencies, a proceeding which, as far as we remember the circumstances of the Wallingford and Wilton elections, is rather hard on Mr. Arch. But no one can say that the rejected of Wilton is not a very typical Radical of a certain kind, and of a kind which, if the Ministry gets its way, will become an important kind. He is nothing if not the representative of a jealous and appetent class; he has (though, no doubt, he is a most respectable man personally) none of those restraints of acquired and inherited decencies which impose upon the kind of person from whom hitherto the majority of members of Parliament have been drawn; he has a certain amount of influence with a large number of persons like himself, and he is not destitute of ability. He may have started too late and with too few advantages to be the agricultural Mr. Chamberlain of the future, but he is unquestionably of the stuff of which the agricultural Mr. Chamberlain of the future will be made. Therefore his speeches are worth noting. In this particular speech, the assertion that members of Parliament must be servants of the constituencies is of only general interest, and does not touch our Whigs, whom we have left to themselves longer than would be decent if they had not Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's and Mr. Brand's appointments to comfort themselves with. But another statement of Mr. Arch's does touch these heaven-born families. Mr. Arch is quite certain that the Liberal party "will have to shake off those miserable Whigs." Now as Mr. Arch—a person not prevented by any foolish scruple from speaking his mind—speaks thus, and as he probably speaks the mind of several other persons besides himself, the Whigs have this problem before them. Are they going to be shaken off into space and nothing, or are they going to stick on *quand même*, and be carried whithersoever Mr. Arch and his fellows choose to carry them?

In their decision on this point very considerable interest must be felt, for it is of no small importance to themselves and the country. When one reads the speeches of Lord Hartington, of Mr. Brand, of Lord Derby, and of not a few other Whigs of great possessions and position in the present or the future, a very odd feeling is apt to come over the imaginative reader. He seems to see before him a procession of those useful beasts of burden whom explorers often take with them to carry the baggage and help the operations as long as they are needed, and then to be converted into soup, jerked-beef, or other portable and useful varieties of food. To do Lord Derby justice, he is himself probably quite aware of this resemblance; but, as he has more than once in almost so many words, expatiated on the advantages of being eaten last, he probably considers that he has secured that pleasure by his present conduct—a result which, judging from the wrath of Mr. Jesse Collings, is not certain. But there are other persons less clear-sighted and more courageous, and it is what these think which is the real point of interest. Does Lord Hartington ever innocently ask Mr. Chamberlain, "What have you got such a big Caucus for, Mr. Chamberlain?" and does Mr. Chamberlain, notwithstanding that keen sense of literature and humour which distinguishes him, resist wisely the desire to answer, "The better to eat you up with, my Lord"; or, if they don't do these things, why don't they? The only explanation that can be found is to be found by falling back on the assistance of our title. It is the public spirit of the Whigs that does it. They are so entirely convinced of the enormous importance to the nation of the great reforms to be brought on shortly (which indeed they frequently remark), and of the almost equally enormous importance to it of having its War Department managed, its Foreign Affairs under-secretaried, its Ordnance generally surveyed by Whigs (which from modesty, doubtless, they do not so often say), that they consent to shut their eyes to the probable consequences of keeping the exceedingly bad company that they do keep. This no doubt is a triumph of public spirit, but it may be doubted whether it is a triumph of public spirit well understood, and Mr. Arch has come to throw light on the matter. It is not necessary to refer to the slightly undignified position which lineal descendants of persons who met in the historic apartment and summoned William of Orange occupy under these circumstances. But the very word Orange conveys a certain warning by suggesting the proverb "On suce l'orange, on en jette l'écorce." It is not necessary to ask whether a casual visit to the Reform Club in the day of battle, and a laborious inquiry of the porter as to its topography, especially as that visit was lamentably insufficient in its results, is likely to outweigh the damning fact of being heir to two hundred thousand acres of land, which, properly employed, would give Birmingham, not merely free gas, but free commons to a certain

extent. The surest appeal to that public spirit which is of the essence of Whiggism is to be found in the consideration of the awful loss which will happen to the State when, as Mr. Arch gives them fair warning, those miserable Whigs are chucked overboard. Mr. Arch evidently sees in his mind's eye much the same justice as that which presented itself to the Jacobite bard who imagined a certain procession of Whigs, followed by an important personage of the spiritual world (an early Whig himself by some accounts) on the way to that personage's home. Many other Radicals, it is to be feared, see the same, and the more Radicalism is "evolved," as Sir Charles Dilke says, the more common is the idea likely to become. Is it not then the duty of a party which is nothing if not public-spirited to prevent this terrible misfortune to the country? Far be it from us to prescribe the means of doing this, more particularly as they are somewhat obvious. Nobody wants Whigs to become Tories; but they surely might devise some *via media* which would take them clear at once of that and of the hideous catastrophe which Mr. Arch anticipates when they shall by triumphant Radicals be "shaken off" into Chaos and old Night.

FIRES.

THE ingenious Mr. Gray the poet was so painfully concerned about danger from fire that he possessed himself of a private fire-escape, by which, once descending from his lodging on alarm of fire, he lit in a great vessel of water, placed there, in waggishness, by certain young gentlemen of his college. If Mr. Gray had lived in our times he would never have gone to a theatre, still less to a circus, a form of entertainment which there is no reason to believe that he would have enjoyed. This winter has been noted for great fires, destroying several old English country houses, and various theatres and hotels in different parts of the world. The ashes of the Milwaukee Hotel were not cold nor the dead in the ruins numbered, before the Planter's Hotel was destroyed in the same manner, though with less loss of life. The alarmed Americans suspect incendiarism in the former case, just as Dutch, Frenchmen, and Roman Catholics were promiscuously accused of procuring the Great Fire of London. Probably neither wilful fire-raising nor mere unavoidable accident, but negligence, was to blame. "For who can attribute it to a meer accident," says an old writer, "to put fire into an Oven, and to leave quantity of dry wood, and some fitches of Bacon by it within the sphere of its activity, and so go to bed, in leaving his providence with his slippers?" Who indeed?

"Meer accident" would not serve our turn much, by way of explanation, if a London theatre were burned down with most of the spectators. We have scarcely any right to reproach the Russians concerned in the recent burning of a circus. The walls were of wood in that case, and the spaces between them had been thoughtfully filled up with straw. When several hundreds of people were in the house, an alarm of fire was given by one of the clowns. A panic of course began. People rushed to the doors. One of them might have been opened, had it not been carefully arranged to open inwards—a device which, according to a critic, pleased the owners of at least one London theatre last year. The other two doors of the circus had just been nailed up. In the same way the door specially meant for use in the event of fire was nailed up in the Nice theatre last year. The consequences were too pitiful to be dwelt upon here. Nice, Vienna, and this Russian circus have all afforded us warning and example of what we might expect at home if a house burned as quickly with the spectators in it as the Alhambra blazed after the spectators had left it. And what kind of attention is given to these warnings? Captain Shean has just described, in a letter to the *Times*, the precautions taken in some popular place of entertainment, of which, unfortunately, he does not give the name. There is nothing like naming the houses in which managers prefer a few extra shillings to the public safety. Captain Shean had, several months ago, inspected this precious place of entertainment, and had suggested arrangements by which the house could be cleared in two minutes. At his recent visit he found all the gangways clogged up with chairs. He purposely left before the performances ended, and he found that, even so, it took him more than five minutes to reach the open air. In the case of a fire or a panic the five minutes might have been multiplied by five for the fortunate; for the unfortunate they would have been lengthened to eternity. The official person with whom Captain Shean remonstrated answered with mere insolent impertinences about the chances of a panic in Hyde Park. The Lord Chamberlain and the place of entertainment, he said, were equally anxious to leave each other alone. This is the impudent and sordid spirit in which some people regard questions of public safety. Mr. Vaughan mildly observed at the Bow Street Police Court on Tuesday that "it did seem to him most important that Acts of Parliament made for the protection of the public should be carried out." Of course the public, if it had any organization (which is impossible), could protect itself. It is members of the public who occupy seats in gangways and choke up the passages. It is members of the public who thus encourage recklessness in the persons responsible for the safety of theatres. But the public, as Mr. Bumble said of the law, "is a Ass," and needs to be protected as much as any other overgrown child.

Our countrymen after the Great Fire of London tried to console

themselves by remembering that there had been a still more terrible affair at Moscow. We may not get much consolation out of a study of our own Great Fire; but the remarks of an eye-witness prove that the Great Fire was magnified into its enormous proportions by the greed and apathy of the citizens, and by the steady English disregard of Acts of Parliament framed for the public safety. There lies before us a little quarto which is full of quaint remarks on fires. It is entitled:—"Observations, both Historical and Moral, upon the Burning of London, September 1666, with an Account of the Losses. And a most remarkable Parallel between London and Mosco, both as to the Plague and Fire. Also an Essay touching the Easterly-Winde. Written by way of Narrative, for satisfaction of the present and future Ages. By Rege Sincera. London. Printed by Thomas Ratcliffe, and are to be sold by Robert Pawlet at the Bible in Chancery Lane, 1667." The author's account of the Fire which began in Pudding Lane does not differ from other descriptions. It is interesting, however, to learn that the burned-out people refused to eat the bread which the King sent from the sea-stores; "being unaccustomed to that kinde of Bread, they declined it." Concerning the fire of Troy, our author is so sceptical as to deem that it may have been fabulous, though he is not so modern as to maintain that it is nothing more than a description of a sunset. The fire of Rome in Nero's time cannot have been so great as that of London, because "those heaps of Stones and Marbles of which she was then builded gave a great check, if not a stop to the raging of the Fire, and stood in the way of the Tyrant's pleasure." The books in Paternoster Row suffered terribly. They were thought to be safe enough in the crypt of St. Faith's, but the fire crept in through the windows; the top of the Cathedral fell upon the church, and the books were buried and burned in the ruins to the value of 150,000*l*. What these books would be worth now, on the precedent of the Beckford Sale prices, a Babbage could not calculate. But, doubtless, whole editions of poems were cleared off, and, if these were insured, why the ill wind, "the easterly winde," blew good to the children of Apollo. One of the few people who perished was Paul Lowell, and there is something almost grotesque in the circumstances of his fate. "Being about 80 yeares of age and dull of hearing, he was also deaf to the good admonitions of his Sonne and friends, and would never desert his House till it fell upon him, where afterwards his Bones, together with his Keys, were found." The chief cause of the magnitude of the Fire was the narrowness of the streets, "insomuch that in some a Cart could scarce go along, and in others not at all. The danger I did once run of my life thereabouts, by reason of the crowd of Carts, hath caused me many times to make reflection on the covetousness of the Citizens, and the connivency of Magistrates, who have suffered them from time to time to encroach upon the streets, and so to jet the top of their houses so as from one side of the street to touch the other, which as it doth facilitate a Conflagration, so doth it also hinder the remedy." The houses, too, were almost all of wood, instead of brick or stone, "according to the statutes and ordinances of Parliament, provided and enacted long ago in that behalf, though for the most part ill observed." Precisely so; and the "covetousness of Citizens, and connivency of Magistrates," are forces still very active, and may repeat in London the calamities of Vienna and Nice.

This garrulous old writer has one comfort for us. He proves, if it needed proving, that an English spring with its poetic mildness was as much an imposture in Herrick's time as in Mr. Tennyson's, and as it probably was in Chaucer's. "Incometh now the East-Wind to play his part in this tragedy." "This wind raineth constantly here in England, in the moneths of March, April, and beginning of May," and "this wind" burned up and blackened the leaves and flowers of an orchard in which our author hoped to have gathered apples beneath his own apple-tree. So, with some remarks on original sin (which is really, he thinks, at the bottom of both wind and fire), end our author's remarks on the conflagration.

He adds, however, a most amazing account by a Dutch traveller of the burning of Moscow by the Tartarians, as he calls them. "They are a warlike people, though they eat nothing but Rootes." Butler asked—

What Tartar could be fierce and cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?

But surely water-gruel would be more sustaining than Rootes. This, however, is apart from the question. Our Dutchman reached Moscow in 1570, where he found the Grand Duke applying "the sword of the Hangman" to thirty persons, "most of them great Lords," who had taken bribes. One of these criminals "was cast alive in boiling water." Prince Krapotkine does not tell us that Nihilists are still boiled in Russia. These executions were followed by a horrid plague, and in May 1571 the Emperor of the Tartarians advanced against Moscow. "The Grand Duke ran away as fast and as far as he could"; but the Tartarians, ignorant of his flight, set fire to Moscow, "so that it seemed a burning Globe." The Dutchman, with a young man of Rochelle, hid in a magazine vaulted with stone. Even here he would have been suffocated "but for some Beer that was there, with the which we refreshed ourselves now and then." The country people who had fled into Moscow were all roasted in the market-place. Finally the Dutchman climbed into the citadel, scaling it by means of pine-trees thrown out by the soldiers there. Many men fell off the trees into the moat, which was full of burned bodies. Next morning the Tartarians

had disappeared as they came, having burned a multitude of people to no purpose. So ended the Moscow fire, the details of which are actually too repulsive to be quoted. Since that date Chicago has done the biggest thing in fires, and probably is ready to do it again if necessary.

TROUBLES OF YACHTSMEN.

THE list of winning yachts and of prizes won which appeared in *Land and Water* of December 30 last certainly seemed to show that the sport of yacht-racing was in a fairly flourishing condition in the season of 1882. The catalogue of vessels was a long one, and from the figures given it appeared, not only that the sums gained by the most successful racing craft were considerable, but that some yachts which were on the whole unfortunate were able to secure a respectable number of trophies. It would, then, be natural to suppose that there was full satisfaction as to last season and cheerful anticipation as to the coming season amongst those who are interested in yacht-racing. Unfortunately this does not seem to be the case. In maritime matters, as in the prosaic matters which are dealt with by landmen, appearances are deceptive. The results of the sailing matches of last season which at first sight appear so satisfactory as set forth in *Land and Water* have really been bitterly disappointing to not a few yachtsmen, and have caused apparently no small discontent, while the gloomiest apprehensions are entertained with regard to the matches of the coming season. It is to be feared that there is some reason for the discontent which is felt; but in stating the grounds for it there has been considerable exaggeration, and it may be hoped that the dismal forecast which has been made will be falsified by events. Some of the complaints made, which are similar to those made about previous seasons, may be easily dismissed. They come from the owners or admirers of slow yachts, who are dissatisfied because these vessels have little chance against fast yachts; and who think, apparently, that the race is much more often to the swift than it ought to be, and that some system should be contrived under which the worst ship would have a fair chance of beating the best, and would, owing to her own bad qualities, be certain of a prize sooner or later. This at least would seem to be the probable result of the changes desired by those who complain of the monotonous repetition of victories by the fast racing yachts of the day and of the constant reappearance of the same names in matches. It is not, apparently, desired that the painful state of things in which a vessel wins because she sails faster than another should be put an end to by adopting the noble principle of the Dodo in *Little Alice*, and declaring that all are to have prizes; but it is wished that there should be some system of handicapping which would neutralize speed. What the consequence of acceding to this wish must be we have before pointed out. If, as has been demanded, yachts which have gained victories have to give extra time, there will be a distinct penalty for good designing and good seamanship. The better a vessel sails in races the sooner will she be debarred from sailing in races with any chance of success. There is no need to point out the absurdity of such a scheme, or to show what the ultimate effect of carrying it out will be. It can scarcely be necessary for the rulers of the yachting world to pay much attention to the complaints of those who, with more or less plainness, suggest a system of handicapping according to victories gained. Yacht-racing would hardly be made more interesting by the gradual elimination of all the fast and well-sailed yachts.

If, however, some of the proposals made or hinted at are scarcely worthy of serious consideration, and if some of the grumbling about last season is partly due to the fact that slow vessels had no chance against fast ones, it must, as we have intimated, be allowed that the discontent which has been expressed is not altogether without foundation. Although legislation which would neutralize knowledge and skill ought not to be thought of, it may fairly be admitted that yacht-owners have some reason to complain of the present rules, and that the advisableness of altering these to a certain extent might well be considered. It is very commonly said that the cost of building and sailing a racing yacht is now so large as to confine the sport to rich men, and especially that racing in the first class is now beyond the means of any but very rich men. There is some justice in this complaint; but it is to be feared that the evil complained of cannot be altogether eradicated by any possible efforts of Councils, Committees, or other bodies. No rule can be devised which will prevent the man who can spend a large sum from getting a better vessel than the man who can only afford a moderate outlay. In yacht-building, as in everything else, there must be progress, and when the naval architect is told to surpass existing ships, it will generally be found that the improvements he introduces cost a great deal of money. No legislation by the Y.R.A. Council can put yacht-owners on a level; but though this pleasant result cannot be attained, it is only fair to say that the grievance of the owners of fast cruisers might be to some extent removed, and races made practically more open to them than they are now. Part of the expense of a modern racing yacht is due to the huge lead keel she carries, and to her being built very deep. Depth and outside lead give her enormous sail-carrying power; but neither depth nor lead is taken into account in making the measurement on which time allowance depends, and consequently the racer has an overwhelming advantage over a vessel of ordinary propor-

tions with moderate ballast. The owner of the former, by paying a high price for a ship of a certain nominal tonnage, has gained a great advantage over the latter. As this has not unnaturally been thought unfair, it has been proposed to include depth in the measurement, or, in other words, to tax depth, and also to tax lead. No method of taxing depth has, however, as yet been proposed which has stood the test of criticism, and, as we have before shown, taxing lead is so difficult and involves such cost as to be practically impossible. The only method as yet suggested of obtaining the desired result which seems likely to be satisfactory is to rate by sails—i.e., to make time allowance depend, not on the size or supposed size of the hull, but on the sail-carrying power as determined by calculation, or on the actual sail area. We have before advocated the adoption of some method of this kind, which certainly seems to have marked advantages over any other system of regulating time allowance hitherto followed or proposed. It is difficult to see how it could be evaded. It would operate strongly against overmasting and oversparring, and, as has been pointed out again and again, it is likely to promote good designing, as it leaves the naval architect free to model his hull according to the best of his skill and knowledge, and does not trammel him by taxing any one dimension. If it is adopted—and we believe that ultimately it will be adopted—a serious grievance will be removed, as the owners of quick cruisers will no longer have to complain of being unfairly beaten, since vessels of great sail-carrying power will have to give a proportionate time allowance.

These are signal advantages, but it seems clear that, if they are to be realized, a method of rating by sails must be accepted in its integrity, and that nothing but confusion can follow if an attempt is made to mix it with a system of a totally different kind. The English love of compromise is in many respects admirable; but now and then it produces very absurd results, and in the case of yacht measurement this amiable feeling certainly appears to have produced a result of a very singular kind. Only to the marked dislike which Englishmen feel to abandoning or adopting any system *in toto*, and to their extreme love for a middle course, can we attribute a proposal which has been or is to be submitted to the Yacht Racing Association. It has been suggested that there should be a measurement by length and sail area, the principle being, it is said, to multiply one by the other, and thus to ascertain a vessel's power. The adoption of such a rule would certainly be advantageous in one respect, as it would show that yachtsmen are not without reverence for the past, and do not desire to break entirely with old traditions. The system proposed would keep alive that which was worst in the method of measurement which with some modifications has obtained for so long. One of the strongest grounds of objection to this is that it unfairly taxes one dimension. To use the common expression, it penalizes beam. Under it a much larger vessel can, as need hardly be said, be built to any nominal tonnage by adopting great length and small beam than by adopting considerable beam and moderate length. What was strongly desired in a new rule was that it should not specially tax or "penalize" either beam, length, or depth, and should not make it obligatory on the designer to follow one particular type. That this was a reasonable wish can hardly be disputed, but it is scarcely likely to be gratified if the singular proposal which we have described is carried. Those who support it are apparently governed by reasoning similar to that of the eminent judge who said that he had hanged a good many men who ought to have been acquitted; but that, on the whole, justice had been done, as he had acquitted a good many men who ought to have been hanged. Length having had an unfair advantage, it seems to be thought that the best way of setting things right is to put it now at a slight disadvantage. It is to be feared that the rough-and-ready justice of this scheme, taking as it may seem at first sight, is hardly calculated to cause general contentment. We do not wish at present to discuss the merits of long vessels as against short ones, but it is permissible to observe that teaching and experience seem alike to have shown of late that, if exaggerated proportions are avoided, a long, narrow, and deep vessel is better than a short and broad one. In the columns of the *Field* the advantages of long deep vessels have been pointed out again and again, and to the many facts which have been adduced in their favour we may add one which is perhaps worth attention. Some of the tea-clippers which made the shortest passages round the Cape before steam and the Suez Canal put an end to their trade were at least as long in proportion to beam as modern racing yachts. There is no doubt an old belief in short, broad vessels as being best in a sea; but it may be doubted whether this has many adherents amongst scientific students of naval architecture, or amongst those who have watched the progress of designing. It certainly seems strange, then, that it should now be proposed to tax length, and thus to punish the yacht-owners who for some time past have been constructing their vessels in the manner allowed by the rule of measurement, and sanctioned by the best writers on yacht-building. It can hardly be supposed, however, that this eccentric proposal will be accepted, or that, if it is accepted, the owners of racing yachts will care to sail at regattas where a rule based on it obtains. As has been shown, there are reasons for thinking that measurement by sail-carrying power, or sail area, is the best that can be devised; but assuredly nothing will be gained by half accepting the latter method, and by so uniting with a part of a different rule as to retain that feature which was most objected to. There is, no doubt, a legitimate ground of complaint against

a system which rates as equal two vessels of very different size and power; but, if yachtsmen cannot devise a rational method of remedying the evil, and can only bring forward eccentric proposals, it will, we fear, be generally thought that there is no difficulty whatever in accounting for the decline of the sport they love.

LONELY LIVES.

NOTHING perhaps impresses one more with the intensity of the struggle for existence or fortune than the lives which many men are content to lead. Taking the educated classes to begin with, we can understand that those who are animated with the spirit of adventure should make their way among wild races into the most inhospitable districts of the world, and face every variety of hardships while they carry their lives in their hands. They are supported either by enthusiasm for science, by desire for fame, or by sheer love of excitement. And we can understand the youthful colonist or merchant who, deliberately reckoning the cost, resigns himself to indefinite years of exile. He looks to making money while still comparatively young, and hopes to be spared to come home to enjoy it. Of course his hope may prove a delusion, and he may have to count up his disappointments in place of his gains. His health may break down or his speculations turn out unfortunately, and he may pass the best of his years in chasing a shadow. But, on the other hand, with patience, perseverance, and good luck, the time may pass agreeably enough while he is expecting the fruition of his desires. Even inevitable misfortunes stimulate him to grapple with them, introducing an element of not altogether unpleasant excitement into an existence which might otherwise stagnate. Whether he fail or succeed, we cannot greatly pity him. Those whom we rather compassionate are the men of small means and very moderate intelligence who never succeed in bettering themselves, let them struggle as they will, and who seem predestined by an unhappy fate to disappointment. Their parents or guardians have been sorely puzzled as to the choice of an occupation for them; or possibly they have been set somehow upon their legs at their start, and have slipped down not so much from vices or faults as from a constitutional limpness which paralyses their energies. They miss the chances that present themselves to all men, and at any critical point in their career are sure to take the wrong turning or stand hesitating till the opportunity is lost. They have an opening offered them in some business abroad which to other men would be the stepping-stone to fortune; but they stick fast in the lowest places till they throw up the situation in disgust. They have obtained a commission by hook or crook, and make creditable efforts to keep out of debt, which nevertheless insensibly accumulates till they are driven to liquidate and retire. Or they try the law in one shape or another, predestined to be numbered among the briefless or to see clients passing their doors to knock at their neighbours' chambers. They seldom even succeed in falling back on that last resource of the destitute—a secretaryship in some questionable joint-stock company, limited; and if by a happy accident they are landed in such a berth, they never occupy it long. For their essential ill-luck extends to those who are associated with them; and they are held responsible for misfortunes with which they are in no way concerned. Very often, should you meet them casually, you would say they were born to get on. They may be prepossessing in their looks and agreeable in their manners, while superficially they show a certain *savoir vivre*. These involuntary impostors are the men who frequently have second chances given them, which they know beforehand will lead to nothing. They have friends who use their interest to get rid of them, consigning them to banishments from which they will never return. And, when hope is dead and health is failing, it is hard to realize how much they must sometimes suffer under the conditions of their solitary existence.

Imagine the lot of a man of education and connexions, with the consciousness perhaps of social gifts which are almost sparkling, appointed to a vice-consulate in the island of Barataria. His income is small, as his duties are by no means onerous; and, indeed, he would gladly compound for more work to give him greater distraction. He has not the means of indulging himself in luxuries, and even the moderate comforts to which he has always been accustomed are hardly procurable. He is settled among semi-barbarians of strange speech, and the only society with the thinnest veneer of cultivation consists of Jews, Turks, Infidels, and nondescripts. He is obliged to stand to a certain extent on his official dignity, and may be forced into unfriendly relations with men who have it in their power to make things very unpleasant for him. At all events, he has nothing in common with any of his neighbours; and as for a home, he has nothing that resembles one. He lives in bleak rooms, waited on by dusky attendants who will steal anything they can lay their hands upon, and would cut his throat for a trifle. Detesting the climate; tormented by animals of many species which would be invaluable in any collection of poisonous insects; with periodical touches of the depressing fever for which the place is notorious, he has no energy for reading, even were books within his reach, and he gives himself over to morbid listlessness. If he takes to drinking, he may dull his cares in the meantime, and be sure that his sorrows will be the sooner over. If he keeps sober, his thoughts will be his

sad companions, sometimes numbed by the benignant dispensation of Providence, but awakening too often into venomous activity. He might pass for a master in the art of self-tormenting, as he meditates on the happy opportunities he has missed, and speculates on chances and contingencies as they might have been; while as for the future, which falls across him as a shadow, he makes idle efforts to avert his gaze from it. Yet there may be more melancholy depths than such a lonely vice-consulate, where the occupant at least preserves a semblance of self-respect, and is possibly preserved from degrading excesses. An unfortunate may have been shipped, for example, for the settlements on the West Coast of Africa, and entered as clerk at a trading port on one of their back-of-the-world bays. He is much beyond the reach of any public opinion, as he knows himself to be out of sight and lost to memory. His trade is to serve out goods to savages by way of barter; his duty is to swindle them in the way of business. His superiors have long lost any moral sense they might once have possessed, and they and a few foreign half-castes are his only companions. The place, like all others of the kind, is notorious as a pesthouse and graveyard for Europeans; and in the morning and evening, when the sea-breezes make it comparatively cool, the air is laden with the pestiferous exhalations from the mangrove swamps. There is but a choice of promenades between the shingly beach and the mudbanks among the gnarled roots of those mangroves. Even the member for Carlisle, or the late lamented Father Mathew, could hardly stick to their temperance principles in such trying circumstances. Our unlucky acquaintance takes to serious drinking, for he has the run of the punchbuns of fiery rum in the stores. The stomach and the liver go before the brain; and, when he has lost appetite and flesh, and is palsied by fever, the brain may still retain a morbid vitality. With nightmares alternating with attacks of delirium tremens, lying listening through the long watches of the night to the music of the surf which is the sea-wall of his prison, we prefer to take abrupt leave of him, and drop a curtain over the rest.

It is cheerful by comparison to turn to a form of lonely life led by many respectable members of the poorer classes, and which is suggested to us by the roar of those West African breakers. We say cheerful by comparison, because the tenancy of a lighthouse or lightship must appear to the uninitiated sufficiently dreary at the best. It is true that in recent times things have been changed greatly for the better. There are horrible stories told of former days, when, a couple of men being on duty on some isolated rock, one of them happened to die suddenly in rough weather; when the survivor, fearful of being charged with a crime, remained shut up in the closest proximity to the corpse of his comrade, till the lull of the storm brought relief and the opportunity of explanation. This very week we hear of a case which might well seem incredible, were it not amply authenticated. The watchmen on the Wolf Rock, opposite the Cornish coast, were cut off from all communication with their kind through the two dreariest months of the winter; and it was nearly the middle of January when relief reached them at last. Nowadays, however, the light-wardens in similar circumstances invariably consist of three at the least; and both on the light-towers and in the lightships the men are surrounded by all manner of material comforts. They have rooms as snug as the limited structural arrangements will admit; they have ample rations of excellent food, nor are the needs of their minds by any means neglected. Still it must be an unnatural life at the best, and one that is perilously fitted to nourish sombre fancies. We may conceive that in the men who take most kindly to the occupation, the imagination is seldom strongly developed; but nevertheless they must be quick and intelligent. Generally speaking, some moderate amount of exercise is believed to be indispensable to preserving the balance of the bodily and mental powers; and in the dull routine of ordinary drudgery there are usually occasional changes of scene and company. But in many a light-house the occupants are held fast by the legs, for exercise becomes something more than effort when it is reduced to practising the treadmill upon the steps of a corkscrew staircase, or to taking half a dozen steps upon a slimy rock at low water. The crews of the lightships are somewhat more favourably circumstanced in this respect, since they can do their walking on a more or less roomy deck, and they enjoy besides a greater variety of company. But the life in both cases must be intolerably monotonous; and to a landsman there would be little to choose between the terrors of the one and the other, when the sea is wrapped in impenetrable fogs or is being lashed into fury by howling tempests. In a storm, the lighthouse is in reality the safer residence of the two, for, thanks to the skill of our modern engineers, it is most unlikely that another Eddystone will be swept away. Yet, as the waves rush up the sloping sides of the tower, and toss their tons of seething green water against the lower courses of masonry, seeming to shake the massive structure from the light-room to the foundation, it must need nerve and long habit to resist the belief that the violence of the elements may bring about a catastrophe. As for the lightships, being moored in shallower water, they may be less exposed to the extreme fury of the storms, though there is always a chance of their being torn from their anchorage. But, on the other hand, in even moderately bad weather they must always be eminently disagreeable places of abode. The peculiar jerking motion, when the natural heaving of the ship is being perpetually checked by the straining cables, is said to be trying to the most seasoned of mariners, and to be one of those inconveniences to which no custom can recon-

cile one. It is much, of course, to have good pay and abundant food, with fuel, light, and lodging and the prospect of a snug pension. Yet, on the whole, we confess we are surprised that the Trinity Board should find it so easy as they probably do to recruit their light-staffs satisfactorily.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON THE LATE PRIMATE.

It has been said, and said truly, that the late Primate, though not a great theologian, or a great statesman, or a great bishop, was yet a great man. And it is also true that he has left his mark on the Church of England more really than any previous Archbishop of Canterbury since the time of Laud, who in all other respects was sufficiently unlike him. We do not think therefore that the commendation bestowed on him by a writer in the new number of the *Quarterly Review*, who somewhat ostentatiously poses as the representative of "the old High Church Party" as "opposed to the Ritualists," is too high; but his panegyrist praises him, if not too well, not too wisely either; his least estimable peculiarities are exalted into virtues, while his real merits are to a large extent overlooked. Both in matters great and small the reviewer seems to us to have misconceived the character and aims of Archbishop Tait. Neither in his line of action nor of thought can he be called "the pupil of Arnold"—and he was of course not Arnold's pupil in any more literal sense—nor can he be said, except in the most vague and general way, to have been engaged in "carrying into effect the spirit of Arnold's life." It is odd again to select as one of his distinctive excellences "an eye for the humorous aspect of any situation," which the reviewer no less oddly holds to be eminently the privilege of Scotchmen; that he "did not exhibit," and did not possess, "the high logical and speculative power characteristic of the Scottish race" is perfectly true, as also that he did possess a tact and strong common sense which for practical purposes might often stand him in better stead. And the article throughout, in spite of several rather too studied disclaimers, betrays a manifest tendency to represent the suppression of Ritualism as the crowning aim and glory of his episcopate and primacy, and to slur over or minimize the virtual acknowledgment he made, with characteristic candour and generosity, on his death-bed, that in the legislative action which he had promoted some years before he had fallen into a serious mistake. It sounds rather strange, by the by, after the recent revelations on that subject, however indiscreetly published, in the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, to say that "Mr. Disraeli, in nominating Bishop Tait, who had been a decided Liberal in politics (to the primacy), set an honourable example of subordinating political to religious considerations in ecclesiastical appointments." That is precisely what, if we may trust Bishop Wilberforce's testimony, he would not have done if he had been allowed his own way in the matter. On one point, however, we are glad to be able to agree with the reviewer, when he speaks of the universal "expression of admiration, affection, and profound regret, on the part of the Church and nation at large," evoked by the death of the late Primate; and the tribute was not undeserved. In the main, and putting aside the silly sneer at the party which is the *bête noire* of the writer, the following statement is a just one:—

By common consent, not excluding that of the narrow clique who alone expressed any hostile feelings towards him, he asserted the influence and the dignity of the great office with which he was entrusted, with a success which few of his predecessors, and none of his immediate predecessors, had attained. They had, indeed, all been men of beautiful personal character, of mild wisdom, and of laborious devotion to their duties. But Archbishop Tait added to all these excellences, by a touch like that of genius, something which at once raised the office to a higher point of influence. He was felt not merely to be the official head of the Church, but to be the true representative of the Church to the nation at large. He was a leader as well as a ruler; and the Church in his person exerted an influence which awakened a friendly response from every class of his countrymen, whether members of its communion or not. He was not merely a living power himself; he made his office a living power, and animated it with a new spirit.

The writer goes on to ask a question which he scarcely attempts to answer, and certainly fails to answer at all to the purpose, "What was the secret of this remarkable achievement?" It did not at all events consist in the alleged fact that "Archbishop Tait had been almost a Primate in the post from which he was translated"—namely, the bishopric of London; for, in the first place, this is not a fact; and secondly, if it had been, so far from explaining his subsequent influence, it would itself require explanation. Laud, during his tenure of the see of London, was "almost Primate" under the feeble rule of Abbot, and there is quite enough in his character and antecedents to account for it. But the only person who during Bishop Tait's episcopate at London, and indeed during the earlier years of his archiepiscopate, could with any accuracy be called "almost Primate" was Bishop Wilberforce. And nobody, to his credit be it spoken, was readier than himself to admit it. We happen to know on good authority that when the late Canon Ashwell, in preparing the first volumes of the *Life*, applied to the Archbishop for any letters he might have of Bishop Wilberforce's, promising of course to publish nothing without his sanction, the answer was a free permission to make any use of the correspondence he pleased, coupled with the observation, "I wish it to be clearly understood who was the true primate of the Church of England while Bishop Wilberforce lived." The saying illustrates a side of the late Archbishop's character, not perhaps always as fully recog-

nized as it might be, but which could not fail to impress all who were brought into personal contact with him, and must have had something to do with the universal respect and confidence he inspired. Under a cold and somewhat stern exterior—more commonly associated with the Scotch temperament than a sense of humour—he concealed a warmth and generosity of heart the more admirable from his lack of imaginative power. His friendships were warm and constant; little or nothing has been heard of his enmities. Two of his old Oxford friends whose religious opinions he not only did not agree with, but could hardly even understand—for his religious sentiment was very much of the Presbyterian type, as was natural from his early training—became Roman Catholics; but neither their change of communion nor his own subsequent elevation to high ecclesiastical dignity led to any interruption of friendship or friendly intercourse between them. It was due to the same habit of mind that he had a sincere respect and love of goodness, even when it took a shape quite out of harmony with his own convictions. And hence, in spite of the trenchant denunciations of Ritualism both in his London and Canterbury Charges to which the reviewer refers with so much satisfaction, he was throughout tolerant, and more than tolerant, of individual Ritualists, whom he knew to be zealous, as he would say, in preaching “the great Gospel truths” and earnestly labouring for the souls of men. No Ritualist prosecution was ever, we believe, instituted with his sanction in the diocese either of London or of Canterbury. Mr. Mackonochie for one has publicly acknowledged, in words honourable alike to the Archbishop and to himself, the kindness and sympathy he always received from him as his diocesan. His practical energy meanwhile was exemplified in the creation of the Bishop of London’s Fund and the collection of more than a million and a half within the first four years from its establishment. On the other hand, he had a breadth of view and discernment of the vast possibilities of his high office, not common of late among English prelates, which is indicated in a remarkable passage the reviewer cites from his last Charge as Bishop of London, but was far more prominently shown after his translation to the primacy:—

How far is the national Church of England, and especially the Church of this Diocese, fulfilling the work which Christ has committed to it, and how are we each of us fulfilling our own part? The national Church and the Church of this Diocese—for, indeed, it is as difficult to separate the two as it is to separate the diocese from its particular parishes, and the parishes from those who minister in them. *London, above all other dioceses, must be indissolubly connected with the whole national Church.* We do not ignore those powerful elements of the softening influences of country life, not found among ourselves; nor the effect of the position, so different from ours, in which the country Clergy stand to their flocks; nor the vast power of University life, moulding the thoughts of our rising youth. But still London is the centre: to London flows yearly, in a steady tide, a large body of persons of all classes from every county: from London the stream of influence, however unobserved, sets in irresistibly, through newspapers, books, letters, the converse of friends, to hall, parsonage, farmhouse, and cottage, in the remotest country districts. If we in London are faithless, all England suffers. If London could but become the really Christian centre of the nation, how would our national Christianity grow!

We have italicized one sentence by way both of emphasis and of contrast. If Bishop Tait regarded the see of London as in one sense the centre of the life of the National Church, he learnt afterwards to regard the see of Canterbury as the centre of a still wider organization. From the first he had insisted that the Primate required the aid of a Suffragan because of his immense correspondence from all parts of the world, and “the care of all the Churches” in communion with the see of Canterbury, which was in some sort laid upon him; it would be curious, indeed, to compare his language on the subject with that of some of the most eminent of the early and mediæval Popes. Nor would it be too much to say that there was about his conception of his office a certain Hildebrandian element, in the best sense of the term, in spite of his entire absence of sympathy with mediævalism. The Archbishop of Canterbury has sometimes been designated, whether in jest or earnest, *alterius orbis Papa*, but until the last half-century, when the Colonial episcopate began to be formed, such a title could have little meaning. It is anyhow certain that, although the phrase may never have occurred to him, no previous Primate had realized that position so distinctly as Archbishop Tait. And it is the more remarkable, considering what we have already noticed as to his somewhat Presbyterian type of mind, that he should have been so forward, not indeed to magnify himself—that was not at all his way—but to magnify his office. This estimate of its grandeur was most emphatically proclaimed when in 1878 he addressed “from the chair of St. Augustine” in his metropolitan Cathedral the prelates assembled from all parts of the world in the second Pananglican Conference, who found, as the *Church Quarterly* expressed it at the time, their “natural Patriarchate at Canterbury.”

We are not professing to give any complete reply to the question which the reviewer leaves unanswered as to the secret of Archbishop Tait’s extensive influence. It would not be easy to define with any precision how it came to pass that one who was not a learned theologian, or a deep thinker, or a born ruler of men, conciliated to himself in his lifetime so general a homage from different parties in the Church and from some outside the Church, as is still testified by an exceptional unanimity in the effort to pay honour to his memory. That there were weak points in his character and his policy few of his admirers would deny; many do not consider, to use the words of the reviewer, that he duly appreciated the importance of the Apostolic organization which the Church of England inherits, or the extent to which her

just claims on the nation are founded upon it. But the conviction was shared alike by men of the most opposite schools, by those who agreed and those who disagreed with him—by Archdeacon Denison, who has taken a prominent part in the movement for organizing a memorial fund, no less than by Dean Stanley—that he had at heart the best interests of the Church as he understood them, and that there was nothing mean or petty or personal about his aims. In spite of some conspicuous mistakes, chiefly in the earlier period of his episcopal career, which he would probably have afterwards himself recognized and deplored, he was generous in his estimates of men and things, as he was in his hospitalities and his charities. He was not one of those men who are made great by their office, but one of those who make their office great; and the dignity of a grand position, too often feebly sustained, has undoubtedly been enhanced in his hands. Thus much will be admitted on all sides. We shall not follow the reviewer into his comments on Archbishop Tait’s successor, and the duties which await him, further than to remark that he will enter on an inheritance of splendid, if somewhat perilous, opportunities, which there is no reason to suppose he will not know how to turn to account.

THE MINT.

THE laborious historian of the Mint, the Rev. Rogers Ruding, pointed out in the preface to his *Annals of the Coinage of Great Britain* that the art of coining “has claims to superlative attention; for none can be either so high or so low as not to be affected by errors in the practice of it, and its corruption has even been considered to be a sure indication of consumption in a state.” Bearing this in mind, the officers of the Mint have been anxious as to the condition of its machinery for some time past; and it is reassuring, therefore, to believe that the country may now be fairly congratulated on having in this interesting Department machinery that worthily represents the advances made in mechanical science since the early part of the century, when most of the appliances which have just been replaced by more modern types were erected.

It may be well to trace the steps by which this satisfactory state of things has been brought about. The Mint still remains near the Tower, in which it was situated for centuries—certainly since the reign of Edward I. In 1806 the military department of the Tower had encroached so much upon the buildings previously appropriated to the coining of money that it became absolutely necessary to erect a new Mint. Accordingly, that part of Little Tower Hill which was occupied by buildings usually called the Government Tobacco Warehouses was chosen for the purpose. The first grant of money on that account appears in the Appropriation Act which was passed on the 22nd of July, 1806, when 7,062*l.* were charged for the expenses of the building and its machinery, the total outlay on which amounted to 261,977*l.* The new Mint was opened in 1811; but on the 31st of October, 1815, as is recorded in the *St. James’s Chronicle*, a great part of the building was burnt, and some of the lighter parts of the machinery considerably injured.

While the Mint remained in the Tower the machinery introduced in 1663 continued in use, and was naturally of a very primitive nature. The coining press, for instance, is thus described in the *Microcosm of London*, published early in the present century:—“Discs of metal are brought into the press room [of which a plate is given], “where they are placed between two dies, the one having the effigy of His Majesty, and the other the arms of the United Kingdom, and by means of a lever loaded with lead at each end, fixed to a strong screw centre, and forced down by the strength of four men, the impression is marked upon each side of the coin at one blow.” The account adds:—“A new Mint is now erecting on Tower Hill; and when we state that the machinery and steam engines by which the operative parts are worked are being constructed under the direction of John Rennie, Esq., engineer, and Messrs. Boulton & Co. (of the famous Soho Works) . . . the public may expect the Royal Mint to be the most perfect establishment of its kind in the world.” And so it probably was. Boulton’s coining press, in which steam power was employed through the intervention of a vacuum chamber, was a great advance on the old press worked by men. For seventy years, however, after the machinery was erected it remained without material alteration. Certain new appliances were from time to time introduced—notably Cotton’s beautiful automatic balances—but the bulk of it was not changed, and even Boulton’s press became antiquated, and was only retained in the Mint in this country and in that of Constantinople. In 1870, when the present Deputy Master, Mr. Fremantle, was appointed, he found the machinery adopted in 1811 still in use, although since that time nearly every appliance of minting in other countries had been gradually changed. Further, the English Mint is bound by the Coinage Act of 1870 to coin with greater accuracy than any foreign Mint, and, while foreign countries with large metallic circulations such as France and Germany, possess many Mints, the United Kingdom and Colonies depend for Imperial coinage on the London Mint alone, aided by its branches at Sydney and Melbourne, from which gold coin only is issued.

Mr. Fremantle’s successive annual Reports on the Mint have shown that, in consequence of the defective condition of the machinery, it became necessary from time to time to make contracts for the coining of bronze at great expense to the public,

this expensive system being specially necessary because the Mint was so arranged that it was impossible to undertake the coining of more than one metal at a time. Under these circumstances it became evident that steps must be taken to put the establishment on a proper footing, and ultimately the Government determined that it should be moved to a new site. The reasons for this decision were as follows. The Coinage Act gives "any person" the right to bring in gold bullion for coining, and to suspend the operations of the Mint for repairs of machinery for a period of a year or more would virtually necessitate the suspension of the rights accorded by that Act and of the Bank Act of 1844, since the Bank of England, if unable to obtain sovereigns from the Mint, could not be called upon to cash its notes in gold coin. The operations of minting, moreover, are of so delicate a nature, and the legal provisions by which the accuracy of the coinage is guarded are so stringent, that, as has been very generally admitted, it would be impossible to carry on those operations with temporary machinery. The question of reconstruction appears, however, to have drifted through many vicissitudes until late in 1880, when the First Commissioner of Works requested Sir F. Bramwell, as an independent adviser, to express an authoritative opinion as to whether it was necessary or desirable to remove the Mint from its present site at all. Sir F. Bramwell reported that in his judgment "the existing buildings were not well adapted for their purpose, having regard to the proper and economical working, and to efficient supervision"; and, further, that "it would be preferable and more economical altogether to reconstruct the buildings . . . on another site—principally, but not entirely, with new machinery." A Bill for the acquisition of a site facing the Thames Embankment at Whitefriars was introduced in the Session of 1881, and, having passed the House of Lords, was in due course referred to a Select Committee of the House of Commons. The Committee and the witnesses examined seemed to have been animated by a desire to find a remedy for the existing state of things. The evidence of the Governor of the Bank of England, which was taken last, entirely altered the position of the Mint in regard to the possibility of rearrangement on the present site, and turned the scale in favour of an attempt to do so. Mr. Grenfell's evidence was to the effect that the stock of gold then held by the Bank was abnormally large, and that no inconvenience would arise if the Mint were to cease coining sovereigns and half-sovereigns for a period of six months, a year, or even more. It was abundantly proved that such a condition of the gold coinage was unprecedented, and, thus aided by the Bank, Mr. Fremantle had no difficulty in accepting the responsibility of making the necessary alterations in the present Mint. In order to render the suspension of coinage possible, it was arranged that fifty tons of bronze should be coined by contract, and that a large coinage of silver should be carried on in 1881, so as to provide a stock for issue during the suspension of the work of the department in 1882. The estimated cost of the machinery and buildings was 39,000*l.*, a sum which has not been exceeded. The operations of coinage were suspended on January 31, 1881, and were resumed as early as December 8, 1882, a great demand for silver coin having arisen.

A plan showing the structural alterations in the buildings is now before us, and it is evident that so much could only have been accomplished in so short a time by the strenuous efforts of the officers of the Mint and of the Office of Works, to whose surveyor, Mr. Taylor, the building operations were entrusted. The description of the new machinery must be left to the technical journals; it will be sufficient to say that careful consideration has been devoted to ensuring the most advantageous distribution of power. The machinery is driven by three 60-horse-power vertical engines provided with Corliss valves, and specially devised for meeting the constantly varying strains to which they are subjected. The greater part of the new machinery was manufactured by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons, & Field, and its installation has received the constant and personal attention of Mr. George Duncan, of that well-known firm. The Uhlhorn coining presses were furnished by Messrs. Ralph Heaton & Sons, of Birmingham. These presses convert discs of metal into coins by a squeeze, and not by a blow, as was the case with the old screw press, the action of which was attended by deafening noise. The lever press, on the other hand, is comparatively silent, and the squeeze which imparts the impression to the coin is given against a definite resistance, which cannot be exceeded.

In addition to mechanical arrangements, there are a whole series of operations which have received careful attention in the reorganized Mint. As the Deputy Master points out in one of his earlier Reports, it must be remembered that the operations of minting do not simply consist in the mechanical production of accurately adjusted discs of metal the purity of which has alone to be guaranteed, but in the formation of an alloy composed of precious and base metals in definite proportions; and that not only does the preparation of such an alloy present many difficulties, but the accuracy of its composition after melting must be absolutely ascertained; it must be protected during certain processes incidental to coining against change of standard, and finally its correctness must again be verified when it has been converted into coin. The Mint is therefore divided into two main departments—the operative and the metallurgical—the former of which is entrusted to Mr. R. A. Hill, and the latter to Professor Chandler Roberts, the chemist and assayer. Their departments are still scattered over a considerable area, and are far from being ideally perfect. The Mint, as a whole, is nevertheless now in a satisfactory condition, and as it is estimated that a million pieces can easily be turned out

in a week, there can be no doubt of its capacity to meet any sudden demands that are likely to be made upon it. With an abundant supply of sovereigns the public is not likely to abandon its natural, if somewhat expensive, preference for gold currency in favour of one-pound notes, the question as to the issue of which has recently been revived.

Only one other point of importance need be noticed. The gold circulation is estimated to be 100,000,000*l.*, and of this amount at least 50,000,000*l.* is known to be so much worn that the sovereigns and half-sovereigns have long since fallen below the lowest weights at which they are legally current. While the Mint machinery remained in a defective condition it was impossible to undertake the work of an extensive recoinage; but this most important question is to receive immediate attention, and the next issue of gold will probably be coined from the remelted "worn coin." It is to be hoped, therefore, that in July next the Queen's Remembrancer, the judge who presides at the annual trial of the Pyx, may receive a verdict showing that a number of depreciated old coins have been rehabilitated and restored to a career of usefulness.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT ABROAD.

WHEN the supporters of the agitation for the abolition of capital punishment last brought forward a measure with that object in the House of Commons, they were compelled to confess that they had given up all hope of succeeding, at least in the immediate future. And they cannot be said to have shown undue despondency. Whether it is that we have lost some of our humanity or have added to our stock of sense, it is certain that we have ceased even to pretend to feel that hanging is more than the due of some criminals. The abolition of capital punishment has fallen into complete neglect, along with Female Suffrage, Fair Trade, and many other reforms of the great fad family. So completely is this the case that the murderers of Mrs. Tregellis was allowed to hang a few weeks ago without a protest, although it had come to be almost a matter of course that no woman could be executed under any circumstances. It is very probable that if the Penge crime were repeated now, not even the *Daily Telegraph* would succeed in saving the guilty parties from a fate which they very richly deserved. What may be the exact cause of this backsliding, as the philanthropist doubtless thinks it, it is not easy to say. Ireland is perhaps partly responsible. It has given so many and so striking proofs of the efficacy of capital punishment as administered on both sides that it has doubtless helped to confirm the Saxon oppressor in an old prejudice. But Ireland cannot claim all the credit. Our criminal classes have so obviously enjoyed tender treatment and flourished on it in so aggressive a manner, that they have reconverted the country to a belief in old methods of coercion. Society is sick of the method of kindness as pursued towards human wild beasts. If any important change is now made in our way of dealing with the criminal classes, it will probably be in the direction of greater and more consistent severity.

And this reaction against rose-water methods of keeping life and property safe is not confined to England. With us it is more effective because there is less to retract. The sentimentalists who indulge their tender love for criminals at the expense of honest people have had too much to say even here; but on the Continent they have for a generation at least had it all their own way, until at last the absurd consequences are becoming too obvious to be any longer neglected. All over Western Europe, at least, the current of feeling against capital punishment has long been of overwhelming strength. The opinions of which M. Victor Hugo is the most eloquent and powerful exponent have very generally prevailed. In France, Belgium, Holland, and many parts of Germany, capital punishment has almost ceased to be inflicted. In Italy it is notoriously unknown; and there is an agitation to limit, if not to abolish, it even in Spain. As regards the two last-named countries this dislike of the punishment of death is intelligible enough. The numerous executions of political offenders by the Austrians, and, in a far greater degree, by petty native tyrants in the revolutionary period, tended to make it hateful to the Italians. And the same cause has influenced Spain. Although they passed with little notice, it is sufficiently well known that military executions were horribly common during the troubled years after the Revolution of 1868. Prim put down both the Carlists and Republicans by shooting whole batches of insurgents with scarcely a form of trial. On one occasion during the war a hundred and eighty soldiers who were prisoners in the hands of the Carlists were shot in a Catalan churchyard. Such things inevitably produced a reaction against the punishment of death, though it has been much weaker in Spain than in Italy. But now a too great lenity is producing its natural effects. It is notorious that the number of murders is increasing in France, and the increase has been so marked in Switzerland that three of the cantons have re-established the capital penalty. In fact, Continental peoples are apparently only just beginning to understand the real difficulties of the question. One of the strongest arguments brought forward in England against abolition has always been the difficulty of keeping any control on men already condemned to imprisonment for life. Robbers who know that they are liable to long periods of penal servitude if detected, during which they may die, and that the worst that can happen to them is to make the probability

nearer to a certainty, are naturally more likely to murder their victims, as well as rob them. They gain in that way one more chance of escape, and even if convicted cannot be much worse off than they were before. The only way of replacing the penalty of death in dealing with such men is by making the prison discipline more terrible than death. And in that method there is not more, but less, humanity than in killing them at once in a more or less painless manner. It is, moreover, nearly impossible in these times, when prisons are open to constant inspection, to carry out such a system. The tendency is to make imprisonment rather too easy than too hard, and the criminal does not fear the prospect of it sufficiently to abstain from a crime which seems tempting at the moment.

There are signs that this laxity in punishment, on the one hand, and this increase of daring crimes on the other, are beginning to produce a change in popular feeling on the Continent. People are getting impatient with what they consider, with good reason, as the too easy escape of criminals. During the trial of the Peltzers at Brussels it was found that constant watching was needed on the part of the police to prevent the prisoners from being lynched. The law permits capital punishment in Belgium; but the King is known to be personally averse to it, and he habitually exercises his right of pardoning. Unless, however, he is infatuated beyond the reach of reason, he must have begun to doubt whether his humanity is doing all the good he wishes. Nothing could be more fatal to the administration of the law than that it should be so generally considered as too tender to great criminals that the populace should be moved to administer punishment itself. Criminals will probably go through a similar process of reasoning, and arrive at the conclusion that the punishment they have to fear is not so terrible after all, with bad results as to the percentage of crimes of violence. Certain stories quoted from Italian newspapers by the *Times* on Wednesday last show the difficulties which are found to follow in that country from the national objection to capital punishment. The agitation in Italy against the execution of Oberdank was caused quite as much by a squeamish horror at the idea that any man was to be killed by form of law, as by political sympathy with him or hatred of Austria. Yet the Italians may well ask themselves whether, in view of what goes on in their own prisons, the Austrian method was not the most humane. Passanante, who attempted to kill King Humbert in 1878, was not put to death, but he has been treated in a most shocking way. He is kept chained to a wall in a dark cell, and the warders have orders to watch him continually, and neither allow him to speak nor to be spoken to. The miserable man has become imbecile. In this case there is obviously a shameful abuse of power on the part of the prison authorities, for Passanante seems to have been a poor creature, but in other cases their cruelty would appear to be not without excuse. The first is that of a man named Rossignol, a Frenchman who committed fifteen murders in Turin. He was condemned to death, but pardoned by Victor Emmanuel, and, as might have been expected, made a desperate attempt to escape on his way to the convict settlement. He killed the two carabinieri who were accompanying him, and is quite ready to try again. For seven years he has been kept in a cage. Another such desperado who has been kept in an *oubliette* for twenty years is one Cipriano la Gala, whom the authorities at Porto Ferrario dare not let loose. There is some excuse for the treatment of these two men, barbarous though it looks. The warders know that they are perfectly desperate, and that they have nothing more to fear, whatever they do. Without the least hope of gaining anything by it, but merely to satisfy their rage, either Rossignol or Cipriano la Gala would kill without scruple either a fellow-convict or one of their guards. If such men cannot be put out of the way for ever, the only resource is to treat them as lunatics used to be treated, and chain them up in a box. Even the lash might fail to tame such hardy ruffians, and in any case it cannot be used in Italian prisons. Stories of this kind illustrate most aptly the so-called humanity of abolishing the pain of death and corporal punishment. The fear of the gallows and the lash is the only influence capable of controlling the worst of the criminal classes. It is also worthy of the attention of the humanitarians that it is chiefly among peoples like the Italians and Spaniards, who are remarkable for their indifference to life and their callous cruelty to animals, that the dislike to the pain of death is strongest.

BANK DIVIDENDS.

BANK shareholders have reason to be satisfied with the results of the past half-year. Although speculation, whether in Stock Exchange securities or in commodities, was dormant throughout the six months, and although trade likewise became less and less active as the year advanced, the London banks have all declared the same rate of dividend as they paid for the second half of 1881; and two out of the three discount Companies have declared a somewhat higher rate. It may be objected that the value of money during the half-year was higher than in the second half of 1881, and that therefore the banks ought to have done better. As a matter of fact, the banks have done somewhat better; because it is to be recollected that, when the banks decided to register as limited liability companies, they all increased their capital, deciding that the new capital should be paid in instalments, and that, while the instalments were thus

being paid in, they should bear interest. As, therefore, the instalments paid are considerably larger now than they were a year ago, it is evident that the banks must have made larger profits to keep up the same rate of dividend and to pay interest upon the larger instalments of new capital. But, in truth, it is a mistake to assume that, because the value of money in the short-loan market rises, therefore the profits of banks must be greater. It is quite conceivable, on the contrary, that the profits might be smaller; and, as a matter of fact, they sometimes are. The banks, it is to be recollected, all work with borrowed money. In addition to their capital, their reserve funds, and their current accounts, they have large deposits, on which they pay interest; and, when the value of money rises, they have to raise the interest they pay upon these deposits. Consequently the difference between what the banks pay and what they receive may not be at all larger when the value of money is high than it is when the value of money is low. Sometimes the difference is less. It became so, indeed, in the second half of 1881. During July and August in that year money was very cheap and abundant in the London short-loan market; but suddenly it became scarce and dear, and the result was that the banks and discount houses, which had discounted bills at a low rate, were obliged afterwards to borrow at a higher rate, so that the rise in the value of money was a disadvantage to them, and not an advantage. During the past half-year the rise in the value of money was not so sudden as it had been twelve months before. There was not the same cheapness in July and August, and the rise was neither so abrupt nor so well maintained. This has been favourable to the banks, and more particularly to the discount houses, and it has to a large extent neutralized the effect of the check to trade. During the second half of 1881 speculation was active, even though the fall in American railway securities, and the fear of the impending Bourse panic in Paris, had already given it a check. But during the past half-year there was scarcely any speculation at all, and trade likewise fell off during the autumn. In spite, however, of less speculation and less active trade, the banks have done better than in the corresponding half of 1881—mainly, it would appear, because the rise in the value of money was not so sudden as in 1881. The increase of capital to which we referred above has also enabled the banks to do a larger business than in the second half of 1881. Thus the London and Westminster Bank has now only a million of deposits more than it had a year ago; but its loans and discounts are over two millions larger than they were a year ago. In other words, the increase of capital has given it increased resources, which it has been able to employ profitably. And as the new capital does not yet rank for dividend, only receiving interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, the bank has thus been able to keep up its rate of dividend by augmenting its earnings. But it is not to be lost sight of that, when the new capital ranks for dividend, it may be difficult for the banks to keep up their old rate of dividend. The earnings must be greatly augmented, if the banks continue to pay the same rate of dividend upon the largely increased capital.

The joint-stock banks now overshadow the private banks, but, for whatever reason, joint-stock enterprise has not equally succeeded in discount business. There are still only three discount Companies in London, and of these but one holds a really leading place. The reports of the discount Companies therefore do not give us the same accurate picture of the discount business in general as the reports of the joint-stock banks do of banking business in general. More particularly it is to be borne in mind that the discount Companies do other business than discounting. For example, they lend very largely upon the Stock Exchange. It would be extremely interesting, however, to learn what has been the result of the past half-year to the private discount houses and the bill brokers. Several of the chairmen, at the meetings of shareholders that have been held this week, have observed that trade is undergoing a silent but marked revolution—that bills now play a much smaller part than they did ten or even five years ago. To some extent this is a wholesome change; it means, in the first place, that the kind of unsound business done by the City of Glasgow Bank is at an end, and therefore it implies that trade now is much sounder and honest than it was then. Moreover, it implies to some extent that our traders have been growing richer, and possess capitals themselves sufficient to carry on their business to a large extent. But the change is not altogether satisfactory. To some extent it is due to the fact that trade has not yet become really prosperous. It has improved from the state of depression in which it was up to the middle of 1879, but it has not recovered its old prosperity. More particularly prices are exceptionally low, in some cases lower than they have ever been before, and wages likewise are very moderate. In consequence a small capital now goes much further than it did ten years ago. In 1873 prices were all inflated, and consequently to do business capitals had to be largely assisted by credit. But now a small capital is much more efficient. Moreover, it is not necessary now to keep as large stocks of goods as it was ten or fifteen or twenty years ago. The telegraph, the extension of railways, the cutting of the Suez Canal, and so on, have so shortened the time in which goods can be conveyed to London, that merchants carry on their business with much smaller stocks than they did formerly, and thus are able to trade with much smaller capitals. Lastly, a new system has come into vogue in consequence of the extension of the telegraph. Formerly, when a merchant sent goods to a foreign country, he drew a bill upon the person in the foreign country to whom they were sent, and then discounted the

bill with his banker. But now, instead of this slow and cumbrous process, the merchant very often advises his customer in the foreign country that he is shipping the goods, learns by telegraph the price at which they can be sold, orders their sale, and his correspondent in the foreign country by telegraph directs payment to be made to him. In this way there is no bill at all created; and payments are made almost as quickly as if the transaction took place in London. The intervention of a bank is still necessary, and although we believe the profits on telegraphic transfers are not as large as the old profits upon bills used to be, yet the banks realize profits upon them. But the discount houses do not share at all in this business. Their proper business is the discounting of bills, and they stand entirely outside the range of telegraphic transfers. The extension, then, of this system of telegraphic transfers is steadily diminishing the business of the discount Companies, discount houses, and bill brokers; and, as we have said above, it would be interesting, if we had the materials, to ascertain what has been the result. It is possible, of course, that the growth of trade may enable the existing houses to do as large a business as formerly; but the impression is very general that this is not the case, and that the discount business proper is gradually shrinking, and will with every year become less and less.

There is one other point respecting which it would be interesting to obtain information. It will be recollected that in the middle of September last the Bank of England raised its rate of discount to 5 per cent. for the purpose of protecting its stock of gold, but the other banks and the discount houses did not support the action of the Bank of England; they continued to discount bills at a much lower rate than the official Bank of England rate. The result has been that no gold worth speaking of has been imported into this country. Another result has been that the competition between the banks and discount houses and discount Companies has kept down the rate of discount on many occasions below the rate of interest. The competition for bills, in fact, has been so keen that discount houses and bill brokers have sometimes discounted bills on terms lower than those on which they were able to borrow the money which they thus employed. Of course they did not do this as a rule, or their losses would have been very heavy. But they did so sufficiently often to excite comment in the City, and to give rise to much speculation as to the amount of their losses. Unfortunately we have no means of ascertaining what the result has been. The three discount Companies, as already observed, do other business than pure discounting, and the private discount houses and bill brokers publish no accounts. But it is evident that the system itself is an unsound one, and that, if persisted in long enough, it must lead to serious results. In the meantime the reports of the joint-stock banks and the discount Companies show that their losses have been unimportant, because, as we see, their earnings have really been larger than in the corresponding half of 1881. But the complaint of the chairmen at the late meetings that bills are growing scarcer and scarcer, and that the method of doing business is gradually changing, accounts for the unwise competition to which we have been referring. As the discount houses and bill brokers are all anxious to retain their old connections, and as the number of bills is gradually decreasing, they are compelled to do business on lower terms, or else to see the business taken away by their rivals. It would, no doubt, be wiser to let business go, if it is not profitable. But business men do not always see this. They hope that things will change by-and-by, that the rate of interest will fall, and that thus they will be able to make up for their losses; while they fear that if once they allow a connexion to pass away from them they will not be able to recover it.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

THE critical world has been much agitated during the past week. The great artistic event has been the exhibition of Mr. Alma Tadema's magnificent "Cleopatra" at the Grosvenor Gallery; but the opening of a supplementary exhibition of the works of Dante Rossetti at the rooms of the Burlington Fine Arts Club has, in the opinion of certain people, been of yet greater importance.

We took occasion not long ago to remark upon the danger to an artist's reputation of assembling in one gallery a large number of his works not originally painted to be hung together. We have now four such exhibitions open—nay, five, for there is a large collection of the engravings of Bartolozzi's designs on view at the Windsor Gallery in Savile Row. On the whole, endeavouring as far as possible to avert our minds and judgments from the influence of the tall talk with which every resort of art has been flooded, it is impossible to deny that, with the exception of Mr. Alma Tadema, all the artists concerned suffer by these exhibitions. Linnell suffers, perhaps, most of all. His purely artificial manner, his want of variety, and his defective drawing are more apparent than his aerial perspective, his brilliant colouring, and his remarkable keeping. One is glad to turn from the walls and relieve the eye by looking at a few sketches from nature which are on the screens. If Linnell suffers most, it cannot be denied that Lawson also suffers in a measure. His works do not, like Linnell's, hurt each other by their sameness, but they kill each other by their contrasts; and we cannot look with pleasure at a dark and mysterious moonlight scene with our eyes full of the sunshine

and glow of a Happy Valley. On the whole, however, Lawson suffers much less than Linnell, and it is possible that his reputation will in the end be enhanced rather than diminished, as the collection shows how great was his versatility, and how ardently he struggled for freedom from mannerism. When we come to the two exhibitions of Rossetti's pictures we hesitate. If we say that his fame will not be increased, we must first ask what fame he had. The fact is that, with the exception of a few men whose names might be reckoned on the fingers of one hand, no one was till now aware whether Rossetti had any just claim to the high position sometimes assigned to him. We knew his poetry. No one could refuse him, with all his faults, the place of an acknowledged poet. As to his pictures, some people had seen two or three, some had seen one, more had seen none. Now, without any such preparation as we should have for judging of Mr. Burne Jones or Mr. Madox Brown, we are suddenly confronted with an extensive array of the most startling pictures, and our ears are deafened with such a blast of trumpets as has not been heard about any artist since John Philip died. In many cases the very recoil from being forced to accept a new dogma of æsthetic faith inclines the ordinary observer to go into the opposite extreme, and perhaps to exclaim loudly against the style, the taste, the sentiment, the execution of these objects of such extravagant praise. He is told that not to admire Rossetti is to imperil his artistic soul; not to admire Rossetti is to proclaim himself a Philistine; not to admire Rossetti is to show that he has no poetry, no harmony, no romance in his composition. Such language is calculated to impress unfavourably any one who wishes to form a calm judgment. He instinctively feels that an opinion crystallized under such pressure will flaw and crack in a different atmosphere. If the pictures are good, they need no such extravagant talk. Anybody with half an eye, so to speak, can admire the "Queen of Cyprus," in the great room at the Royal Academy. Almost anybody can understand the merits of the Gainsborough on the opposite wall, and enjoy the warmth of the fire before which that fascinating child is spreading her little hands. But the Rossettis require a showman. This is bad in itself. No one not in the secret could unravel such an allegory as the "Sibylla Palmifera," nor could any one who had not read the poem of the "Blessed Damsel" guess that the lady with the goitre, who appears in three or four pictures at Burlington House and the Burlington Club, is leaning out of Paradise, and has stars in her hair. Even the somewhat unsympathetic Academicians who at first crammed all the pictures together into one little room with the help of screens, so that nothing could be seen properly, have had to sprinkle their catalogue plentifully with ballads and sonnets, and extracts from Scripture and Dante. Without an explanation the Blessed Damsel might be Juliet, or any one of many characters in fiction. One picture requires a long and painful story to be told. There is a bridge, on which stands a cart. In the cart is a calf in a very embarrassed position, being, in fact, restrained from escape by a strong netting. In the foreground a carter in a smock is using considerable violence in a conversation with a red-haired woman in tawdry costume. The unpleasant sight of a poor calf tied in a cart, and evidently on its way to be put to death, and of a poor woman shrinking from a man who looks very much inclined to make her share the animal's fate, requires a world of talk to reveal the secret that here we have a melancholy tale of true love disappointed, of the lost found, of remorse and undying affection, and all kinds of forgiveness and pretty things in general.

This is the mood into which the worshippers of Rossetti have driven every one who has a spice of humour, or even of common sense, in his mind. Yet Rossetti might have been an artist, original, profound, growing to the last; he had perceptions of colour denied to most men; he could compose with a completeness and finish of line certainly unrivalled at the present day; and no one can visit either of the galleries in which his works are hung without being impressed—favourably or unfavourably, as the case may be, but no one with the slightest artistic feeling can refrain from some kind of emotion. We may briefly enumerate the pictures which seem to us to take their place as works of real art, and to be achievements which explain the tall talk to which we have referred, and omit the rest as unworthy and often unpleasant. There is first of all, at the Royal Academy, the celebrated triptych painted in 1861 for Llandaff Cathedral. The wings rather tend to spoil the central compartment. In one a young and powerful David is about to sling the stone. This figure dominates everything, being the highest in the whole treble composition. At the other side is a magnified illumination, such as might have been cut out of a gigantic mediæval missal, representing David as king. The central compartment represents in an original and charming manner the adoration of the Magi. The Virgin is black-haired, her face bearing evident traces of recent suffering, her manner quiet rather than dignified. The Child is full-faced, his expression grand, calm, and majestic. The angels are all repetitions of one type—too feminine, perhaps, and too rosy, but beautiful. The other figures, though completely subordinate, are each worked out with pre-Raffaellite finish and care. Had Rossetti never painted anything but this, his claim to artistic recognition would have been safe. In its place in the reredos of the Cathedral it looks better than here in a narrow room with a "jury" frame of flat and poor design. Had the Academy wished to do full honour to this work they should have placed it at one end of the longest room they had. Here it is impossible to reach anything like a suitable distance from which to see it. The same must be

said about the large picture, the largest of his paintings, which comes from Liverpool. It may certainly be called a fine work; but apart from the obscurity of the story, which is one of those of which we have already remarked that they require a showman, it is absolutely impossible to obtain any view of it at a proper distance. We wonder, indeed, that the Chapter of Llandaff and the Corporation of Liverpool, to whom these pictures belong, do not require the Royal Academy to hang them adequately or not at all.

Very near, much too near, the triptych is an attractive but somewhat gaudy picture, "The Beloved." It consists of a group of interesting faces set off by a negro in the foreground, and is perhaps the highest effort of the least pleasing of Rossetti's characteristics, a love of representing sensuous beauty. It is less sensuous than many of its neighbours, and so much the more satisfactory. Among them one type of a rather full-blown kind is represented over and over again. Full lips, redundant hair, languishing eyes, exaggerated necks are in all—the most advanced being, perhaps, the "Bocca Bacciata" at the Academy, or the "Lady Lilith" at the Burlington Club. We pass them by without individual description because, to tell the truth, they must gravely offend every person who has delicate artistic perceptions. The twining and distorted fingers, the gigantic arms, the giraffe-like necks, the morbid sickness, the degraded air, the sensual expression of a majority of them, are but too indicative of a fall in the painter's artistic power. It must have deteriorated after he painted the pleasing, if fanciful, "Youth of the Virgin," or the "Head of Christ," at the Burlington Club, which, originally a study from a friend's face—not, by the way, the face of the friend to whom it has been assigned by gossip—he used as his ordinary type of male beauty, and introduced again and again. At the Club, too, may be seen a small female head (No. 46), which shows in the modelling and colour some of the highest qualities of art. "Proserpina" is represented at least half a dozen times in both galleries in the same design, the best and least exaggerated being at the Club. She is in blue, with dark hair, against a grey background, on which is a spot of light from the upper world; a crimson pomegranate completing a harmonious scheme of colour as simple as it is delicate. At the Club also is "Washing Hands," a glowing little picture, satisfactory in three respects, for it is brilliant in colour, pretty to look at, and tells its story plainly. This is, perhaps, from an ordinary artistic point of view, the best of the pictures, and the nearest to such art as that of a kind with which the admirers of the mystic school have not much sympathy. The visitor may well avoid spelling out such subtleties as "How they met themselves" and "Hesterna Rosa," which look like designs for stained glass, and consist of attempts more or less successful, but all violent, to harmonize the crudest tints in nature. Better worth study are some most dexterous pen-and-ink drawings, such as "Cassandra" and the "Hamlet and Ophelia" at the Burlington Club, where two other small pictures should not be overlooked, as they represent a phase of Rossetti's art which is far more satisfactory than that shown in the ill-drawn "gianteses" in both galleries. These are "Tibullus and Delia," a golden-toned composition, and "Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon the Pharisee." The drawings at the Club, and the series of interesting crayon portraits, especially some of children, show how fine an artist Rossetti might have been and sometimes was.

REVIEWS.

THE WENTWORTH PAPERS.*

MR. CARTWRIGHT, who so acceptably re-edited the *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby* eight years ago, has again made a very palpable hit. In these dull days the *Wentworth Papers*, skilfully selected (so far as we can judge), and furnished with just the amount of introduction and elucidation required by the ordinarily well informed reader, ought to be sure of a glad and grateful reception. It is a pity that they should not have been published in Thackeray's lifetime, for whom they would have formed a dish of delight, and who would not have objected to the *haut-gout* which occasionally reminds us that they are not of yesterday. So wonderfully was that consummate artist able to catch the spirit of a past age, that it is difficult in reading these Papers not to fancy now and then that they must have been known to the author of *Emond*, though nothing was borrowed from them in that story, and though we are not sure how many years it is since the hundred volumes of MSS. from which they are culled became the property of the nation. At all events, since the Castlewood household was called into life, no such family picture in the veritable Queen Anne style has been exhibited as the Wentworths are here obliging enough to paint of themselves. Consciously or unconsciously, their hands are guided by the frankest promptings of human nature, which has thus done even more for them than the painter "whose Art was Nature" could accomplish for the head of the family. Yet Sir Godfrey Kneller can never have had a more congenial subject than his Excellency

the third Earl of Strafford, resplendent in the robes of the Garter, with the most magnificent of periwigs flowing round the blank beauty of his face.

Swift pleasantly said of Lord Strafford that he was "as proud as Hell"; and on other occasions dwelt both on his pride and on his bad spelling. The former fault may have descended to him with the blood of his grand-uncle, the famous Earl of Strafford, whose memory was naturally revered in the family; the other defect, if he was really conspicuous for it in the Augustan age, he must have specially inherited from his mother. None of the Wentworths, old or young, down to Lord Strafford's hopeful son and heir, proud as the boy is that his letters are of his "one Spilling," seem to have cared a pin's point for orthography; nor did Lady Strafford, though of baser blood, in this respect less successfully than in others follow the ways of Quality, without at the same time being altogether unconscious of their error. But of all the Queen Anne spelling which we have come across, that of Lord Strafford's mother, Lady Wentworth, bears away the palm for reckless and ruthless savagery, out-Sarahing even that of Sarah Duchess of "Molberry" herself—as the illustrious name is, with rare consistency, misspelt by the old lady. By similar processes the author of the *Characteristics* is made to figure as "Lord Shasbary," and another celebrated personage under the more transparent alias of "old Boe Feelding." What wonder that the (younger) son of such a parent disguises Dr. Arbuthnot indifferently as "Dr. Alburtenot" and "Dr. Alburtenhead," and helplessly stumbles over the name which he orientally renders as "Schachaverel." But the old lady's vagaries are by no means confined to personal names, or to those of remote geographical localities such as "Gibletor" and "Prutia." The last-mentioned reproduction of an old pronunciation is an instance of that swift and unhesitating art of sound-catching which forms the basis of many systems of orthography less ambitious than that of the *Phonetic Nix*. Lady Wentworth finds Lord "Shasbary's" "youmore" most sympathetic to her own; she is gratified at her sister "Battherst's" having written "emedgetly" to the "Dutchis"; she derides the wife of her "great cosen W." for setting up "her fyne coach and ekopadg." Soldiers are "soagars" and "sogars" to her, and success is "suckses"—spellings of a more masculine enormity than the imbecilities of her son Peter, who writes about the "quadrable league," and after spelling the word "preambles" so far correctly, in the same sentence goes off into "Preamble," and finally collapses with "Praables." We trust, by the way, that some correspondent of *Notes and Queries* may elicit the meaning of an expression of Lady Wentworth's (in the letter communicating the intelligence that "Sir Sumthing Keneday is kild in a dewel"), which surely cannot be a mere turbid spelling:—"I am *Tom didemus* both for the peace and seeing you, I wish hartely for both."

Very nearly as diverting as the spelling of this excellent dame and her kinsfolk are their oddities of expression. Some of these are merely passing fashions of speech; such as the constant use of the word *infinite* as an *epitheton ornans*—"Your moste infenitt affectionat mother," and the like. Many turns of phrase which are now only heard in the mouths of maid-servants formed part of the ordinary speech of fine ladies in the last century. "Betty never has her health soe well" at "Twittingham" in particular seasons of the year; and when "poor charming Fube," a pet dog, was in *extremis*—

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Raby, but, for some reason now unknown, the estates had been left to the Earl's nephew, Thomas Watson (second son of Lord Rockingham), who hereupon took the name of Wentworth, and from whom the Fitzwilliam family derive many estates. This was a grievance which the head of the true Wentworths and his faithful brother Peter were never able to digest. When Lord Raby could afford it, he bought an estate near Barnsley in Yorkshire, "very nigh him who the late Lord Strafford made his heir," which, in Peter's pious way of putting it, might "make his Great Honour" (Watson Wentworth) "burst with envy, and his Little Honour pine and die." In course of time "Wentworth Castle" in name also defied the usurped ancestral seat of Wentworth Woodhouse. The obnoxious cousin's son was raised to the peerage by Walpole in 1728 as Lord Malton (his son was Burke's noble-minded friend, the Marquess of Rockingham); but the hatred of the true Wentworths and their followers had descended to him with his wealth, and the concluding part of this volume is filled with letters concerning the great Yorkshire election of 1734, in which Lord Strafford's interest was successfully exerted against the candidature of Walpole and of Wentworth Woodhouse. Before, however, Lord Raby had gained the longed-for earldom, and the means of supporting it as a landowner, his strivings had been arduous, and those of his family on his behalf hardly less so in their respective ways. By descent the Wentworths were, of course, loyally attached to the Stuart throne; Thomas Wentworth's first service at Court was as page to Mary of Modena, while his mother was present as a lady of the bedchamber at the birth, destined to be so malignantly disputed, of the Prince of Wales, afterwards known as the Old Pretender, and duly gave evidence of the most emphatic nature in vindication of the Queen's "truth and honour." But her husband made his peace at the earliest possible date with the powers that were, obtaining for his son Thomas a commission as cornet of horse from the Prince of Orange, even before the latter was declared king. The young officer saw some severe service both in the Highlands and in Flanders, and, after becoming Lord Raby, was in 1697 appointed to the command of the Royal Regiment of Dragoons. Soon afterwards he was attached to Lord Portland's Paris Embassy; and in 1701 was named head of a special mission sent to congratulate the Elector Frederick of Brandenburg on his coronation as King in (not of) Prussia. This proved the determining event of his career; for, after some further military service, and a little angling (as it would seem) for the governorship of Jamaica, he was in 1703 prevailed upon, according to his own account, to accept the regular legation at Berlin, where he had made himself a *persona gratissima*.

The introductory Memoir opening this volume contains a few curious details as to the manners and customs of that most ceremonious of Courts, more especially with regard to the extraordinary mourning worn for Frederick's Queen, Sophia Charlotte (whom Mr. Cartwright, by a strange slip, calls Sophia Dorothea), the sister of the future King George I. The most exciting events of Lord Raby's residence at Berlin were, however, the visits of the great man of the day, the Duke of Marlborough, who was entertained with great splendour, and magnificently complimented in the way which of all ways he liked best. On Marlborough Lord Raby's hopes of future preferment speedily began to centre—hopes which henceforth occupied him and the family almost incessantly till the fatal times after Queen Anne's death. His legation was raised to the rank of an embassy, and even before this change had been maintained on such a scale that the Envoy's "family" consisted of not less than sixty-four persons. But his soul was vexed in an unusual degree by that discontent which has at all times distinguished the diplomatic service. At various times he desired various things—in the first instance to be made a Privy Councillor and Earl of Strafford, in lieu of which latter honour he would at one time have put up with a Commissionership of Trade in *absentia*; then, when peace was on the *tapis*, he felt the post of Ambassador and Plenipotentiary in the General Peace to be his due. Having during the period of his embassy occasionally been present in Marlborough's campaigns, he wished to keep his army appointments at the same time, and made his brother at home quote precedents of Envoys' services given *tam Marti quam Mercurio*. It was the saying of a late distinguished statesman, who had in his day to make a great many Foreign Office appointments, that he had never known a man desire anything "very much indeed" without ending by obtaining it. Of this comfortable truth Lord Strafford's career was a shining illustration, partly perhaps by reason of his attention to the principle which he says his great ancestor left as a maxim to his family, "that an Englishman can't have too many friends." One way, we suppose, of interpreting this maxim is that an Englishman cannot give too much trouble. In the present instance most of the trouble appears to have fallen to the share of the diplomatist's brother, Peter Wentworth, who successively held the office which he calls that of Query to the Duke of Gloucester, Prince George of Denmark, and Queen Anne herself, and who from this modest vantage-ground had to do many years of jackal's work for the head of the family. Ultimately—in 1711—the Embassy at the Hague was actually obtained, and in the same year Lord Raby was made Earl of Strafford. But by this time Marlborough's influence had long been on the wane, and the Tories were in power. There was certainly no reason why Lord Raby should not accept these and further favours at their hands; nor had he any misgivings to the contrary. He was named one of the Plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, and during the negotiations became a Knight of the Garter and a Commissioner of the Admiralty. He had pre-

viously been looking towards the Mastership of the Horse; and even after the crash there was some doubt in the mind of one of his confidential advisers whether he ought to accept a pension, or "press to be of the bedchamber, supernumerary without a pension"—assuredly the first unpaid office which Lord Strafford would have accepted in the course of his career. Meanwhile, though declaring to this correspondent that he would "stick firm to his Party," he had, like others, sought to keep on good terms with the expectants at Herrenhausen. But his public services were now at an end. His impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanours in connexion with the Utrecht Treaty broke down; and he retired into Yorkshire to spend the rest of his days, so far as politics were concerned, in occasional attempts to thwart the Whigs, and in occasional correspondence with the Pretender.

Lord Strafford has left no great name behind him even in diplomatic history; and from what little there appears in this volume on the subject—more especially in the very sensible letters of Lord Berkeley of Stratton—one might be inclined to gather that he only too accurately interpreted the wishes of his Government by showing the glossy side of his temper to the French, and the seamy to our Dutch allies and his fellow-plenipotentiary, the Bishop of Bristol. The first duty of a diplomatist is to obey his instructions; but there was something paradoxical in the signing of an inglorious peace by an agent who had taken part in the glorious war terminated by it. Brother Peter, though he could afford opinions of his own even less than the peer, had more or less cherished or professed Whig views throughout, while always single-mindedly looking out which way the wind blew. Thus his letters furnish one more contemporary commentary on that strange series of political intrigues of which the climax was the overthrow of Marlborough, not accomplished till after a long process of undermining, and the catastrophe of the sudden death of Queen Anne. We are not aware that anything new is here added to the story; but Peter was an assiduous collector of rumours as well as a good reporter of debates; and there is effectiveness in such colloquialisms as that which he appends to the news that the Duke is at last "out of all"; "the Tories say this is something like, the Treasurer is now in earnest." Of course "poor Peter," as his sister-in-law calls him, counted for nothing in these chances and changes; while perhaps the most cruel thing for him was that, after so many years, he, whose name with his children's might so easily have been inserted in the patent of Earldom, should come to have a sister-in-law at all. But, had Lord Strafford been the most desperate of misogynists, he must in the end have been "brought to the point" by the indefatigable pleadings of his mother.

A figure half as amusing as old Lady Wentworth must have been in real life would make the fortune of many a play or novel. Her devotion to her eldest son is pathetic in its constancy; but the way in which it most actively displays itself is an unflagging endeavour to find him a rich wife. And this in the most unselfish spirit; for, "if you was married although I loved twenty myse oie of you yet it would be an unspeakable happiness to poore me, for sartainly I should never desier to liv with a daughter in law, for although themselves ar never so good, yet sum tattling sarvents or aquantenc will put jealosees in thear head, to breed discontents." But her son shows no disposition for some time to venture—whether for the Duke of Newcastle's or "Lord Carburer's" daughters; or for the one left behind him, "with a vast fortune," by "Sir Clously Shovell," though bidden "make inq" after her, his son was drowned with him; or for any of his mother's hundred other *trouvailles*. In the meantime she inhabits his house at Twickenham, populating it with "Fubs, Pug, and Pus," and the rest of her favourites, and drinking his health "at every meal"—"we have syder and wyne and strong ail every meal, and your Brewer sent such Bitter Bear that none can drinck it, soe we have it from one at Westminster." At times she leads "a merry life" at her friends' houses, playing at cards all day, and having "tea and coffy and cake and wyne" in the afternoon between dinner and supper. For she has a happy disposition and a "vast stomak"; and, when anything goes wrong with her, she gets blooded, and take "a great many slops," and is then "in parfit health again." Her reading is not extensive, though she is apt to cite Baker's Chronicle; but what of that? The Wentworths are not literary in their tastes, though they read the *Tatler* for the personalities in it; and even Peter, if we do not misquote him, refers to men of letters as "that class of people." The old lady is, moreover, at times undoubtedly given to flippancy—as when she stands godmother to a friend's child, and reports afterwards, "A Bishop crisned it, but what I forgott." One of the troubles of her life must have been her daughter Betty, a volatile thing who sues her brother for ten pounds to put in the lottery—"for mony nowadays is the reining passion"—and who cannot bring one of her love-affairs to a successful issue before her brother's marriage, and the appearance of a sister-in-law to patronize her and try to "make her gentell which indeed at present she is not." This sister-in-law—the daughter of a wealthy shipbuilder and member of Parliament—proves to have plenty of spirit as well as 60,000*l.*, and to possess the faculty of supplying her absent lord with a copious flow of highly-seasoned gossip. And with all the bright impertinence of a fine lady to the manner born ("she is never out of youmore," exclaims her admiring mother-in-law), she unites the instincts so invaluable in the wife of diplomatist or courtier—"The Queen is still ill of the gout and a cold; I goe to the back starrs every day to know how she does, for the lady in waiting allways tells who comes to know how she does."

said about the large picture, the largest of his paintings, which comes from Liverpool. It may certainly be called a fine work; but apart from the obscurity of the story, which is one of those of which we have already remarked that they require a showman, it is absolutely impossible to obtain any view of it at a proper distance. We wonder, indeed, that the Chapter of Llandaff and the Corporation of Liverpool, to whom these pictures belong, do not require the Royal Academy to hang them adequately or not at all.

Very near, much too near, the triptych is an attractive but somewhat gaudy picture, "The Beloved." It consists of a group of interesting faces set off by a negro in the foreground, and is perhaps the highest effort of the least pleasing of Rossetti's characteristics, a love of representing sensuous beauty. It is less sensuous than many of its neighbours, and so much the more satisfactory. Among them one type of a rather full-blown kind is represented over and over again. Full lips, redundant hair, languishing eyes, exaggerated necks are in all—the most advanced being, perhaps, the "Bocca Bacciata" at the Academy, or the "Lady Lilith" at the Burlington Club. We pass them by without individual description because, to tell the truth, they must gravely offend every person who has delicate artistic perceptions. The twining and distorted fingers, the gigantic arms, the giraffe-like necks, the morbid sickliness, the degraded air, the sensual expression of a majority of them, are but too indicative of a fall in the painter's artistic power. It must have deteriorated after he painted the pleasing, if fanciful, "Youth of the Virgin," or the "Head of Christ," at the Burlington Club, which, originally a study from a friend's face—not, by the way, the face of the friend to whom it has been assigned by gossip—he used as his ordinary type of male beauty, and introduced again and again. At the Club, too, may be seen a small female head (No. 46), which shows in the modelling and colour some of the highest qualities of art. "Proserpina" is represented at least half a dozen times in both galleries in the same design, the best and least exaggerated being at the Club. She is in blue, with dark hair, against a grey background, on which is a spot of light from the upper world; a crimson pomegranate completing a harmonious scheme of colour as simple as it is delicate. At the Club also is "Washing Hands," a glowing little picture, satisfactory in three respects, for it is brilliant in colour, pretty to look at, and tells its story plainly. This is, perhaps, from an ordinary artistic point of view, the best of the pictures, and the nearest to such art as that of a kind with which the admirers of the mystic school have not much sympathy. The visitor may well avoid spelling out such subtleties as "How they met themselves" and "Hesterna Rosa," which look like designs for stained glass, and consist of attempts more or less successful, but all violent, to harmonize the crudest tints in nature. Better worth study are some most dexterous pen-and-ink drawings, such as "Cassandra" and the "Hamlet and Ophelia" at the Burlington Club, where two other small pictures should not be overlooked, as they represent a phase of Rossetti's art which is far more satisfactory than that shown in the ill-drawn "gianteses" in both galleries. These are "Tibullus and Delia," a golden-toned composition, and "Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon the Pharisee." The drawings at the Club, and the series of interesting crayon portraits, especially some of children, show how fine an artist Rossetti might have been and sometimes was.

REVIEWS.

THE WENTWORTH PAPERS.*

MR. CARTWRIGHT, who so acceptably re-edited the *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby* eight years ago, has again made a very palpable hit. In these dull days the *Wentworth Papers*, skilfully selected (so far as we can judge), and furnished with just the amount of introduction and elucidation required by the ordinarily well informed reader, ought to be sure of a glad and grateful reception. It is a pity that they should not have been published in Thackeray's lifetime, for whom they would have formed a dish of delight, and who would not have objected to the *haut-gout* which occasionally reminds us that they are not of yesterday. So wonderfully was that consummate artist able to catch the spirit of a past age, that it is difficult in reading these Papers not to fancy now and then that they must have been known to the author of *Esmond*, though nothing was borrowed from them in that story, and though we are not sure how many years it is since the hundred volumes of MSS. from which they are culled became the property of the nation. At all events, since the Castlewood household was called into life, no such family picture in the veritable Queen Anne style has been exhibited as the Wentworths are here obliging enough to paint of themselves. Consciously or unconsciously, their hands are guided by the frankest promptings of human nature, which has thus done even more for them than the painter "whose Art was Nature" could accomplish for the head of the family. Yet Sir Godfrey Kneller can never have had a more congenial subject than his Excellency

the third Earl of Strafford, resplendent in the robes of the Garter, with the most magnificent of periwigs flowing round the blank beauty of his face.

Swift pleasantly said of Lord Strafford that he was "as proud as Hell"; and on other occasions dwelt both on his pride and on his bad spelling. The former fault may have descended to him with the blood of his grand-uncle, the famous Earl of Strafford, whose memory was naturally revered in the family; the other defect, if he was really conspicuous for it in the Augustan age, he must have specially inherited from his mother. None of the Wentworths, old or young, down to Lord Strafford's hopeful son and heir, proud as the boy is that his letters are of his "one Spilling," seem to have cared a pin's point for orthography; nor did Lady Strafford, though of baser blood, in this respect less successfully than in others follow the ways of Quality, without at the same time being altogether unconscious of their error. But of all the Queen Anne spelling which we have come across, that of Lord Strafford's mother, Lady Wentworth, bears away the palm for reckless and ruthless savagery, out-Sarahing even that of Sarah Duchess of "Molberry" herself—as the illustrious name is, with rare consistency, misspelt by the old lady. By similar processes the author of the *Characteristics* is made to figure as "Lord Shasbary," and another celebrated personage under the more transparent *alias* of "old Boe Feelding." What wonder that the (younger) son of such a parent disguises Dr. Arbuthnot indifferently as "Dr. Alburtenot" and "Dr. Alburtenhead," and helplessly stumbles over the name which he orientally renders as "Schachavereel." But the old lady's vagaries are by no means confined to personal names, or to those of remote geographical localities such as "Gibletor" and "Prutia." The last-mentioned reproduction of an old pronunciation is an instance of that swift and unhesitating art of sound-catching which forms the basis of many systems of orthography less ambitious than that of the *Phonetic Nisi*. Lady Wentworth finds Lord "Shasbary's" "youmore" most sympathetic to her own; she is gratified at her sister "Battheret's" having written "emedgetly" to the "Dutchis"; she derides the wife of her "great cosen W." for setting up "her fyne coach and ekopadg." Soldiers are "soagars" and "sugars" to her, and success is "suckae"—spellings of a more masculine enormity than the imbecilities of her son Peter, who writes about the "quadrable league," and after spelling the word "preambles" so far correctly, in the same sentence goes off into "Preamble," and finally collapses with "Praables." We trust, by the way, that some correspondent of *Notes and Queries* may elicit the meaning of an expression of Lady Wentworth's (in the letter communicating the intelligence that "Sir Sumthing Keneday is kild in a dewel"), which surely cannot be a mere turbid spelling:—"I am Tom didemus both for the peace and seeing you, I wish hartely for both."

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* *The Wentworth Papers, 1705-1739.* Selected from the Private and Family Correspondence of Thomas Wentworth, Lord Raby, created in 1711 Earl of Strafford. With a Memoir and Notes by James J. Cartwright. London: Wyman & Sons. 1883.

Raby, but, for some reason now unknown, the estates had been left to the Earl's nephew, Thomas Watson (second son of Lord Rockingham), who hereupon took the name of Wentworth, and from whom the Fitzwilliam family derive many estates. This was a grievance which the head of the true Wentworths and his faithful brother Peter were never able to digest. When Lord Raby could afford it, he bought an estate near Barnsley in Yorkshire, "very nigh him who the late Lord Strafford made his heir," which, in Peter's pious way of putting it, might "make his Great Honour" (Watson Wentworth) "burst with envy, and his Little Honour pine and die." In course of time "Wentworth Castle" in name also defied the usurped ancestral seat of Wentworth Woodhouse. The obnoxious cousin's son was raised to the peerage by Walpole in 1728 as Lord Malton (his son was Burke's noble-minded friend, the Marquess of Rockingham); but the hatred of the true Wentworths and their followers had descended to him with his wealth, and the concluding part of this volume is filled with letters concerning the great Yorkshire election of 1734, in which Lord Strafford's interest was successfully exerted against the candidature of Walpole and of Wentworth Woodhouse. Before, however, Lord Raby had gained the longed-for earldom, and the means of supporting it as a landowner, his strivings had been arduous, and those of his family on his behalf hardly less so in their respective ways. By descent the Wentworths were, of course, loyally attached to the Stuart throne; Thomas Wentworth's first service at Court was as page to Mary of Modena, while his mother was present as a lady of the bedchamber at the birth, destined to be so malignantly disputed, of the Prince of Wales, afterwards known as the Old Pretender, and duly gave evidence of the most emphatic nature in vindication of the Queen's "truth and honour." But her husband made his peace at the earliest possible date with the powers that were, obtaining for his son Thomas a commission as cornet of horse from the Prince of Orange, even before the latter was declared king. The young officer saw some severe service both in the Highlands and in Flanders, and, after becoming Lord Raby, was in 1697 appointed to the command of the Royal Regiment of Dragoons. Soon afterwards he was attached to Lord Portland's Paris Embassy; and in 1701 was named head of a special mission sent to congratulate the Elector Frederick of Brandenburg on his coronation as King (not of) Prussia. This proved the determining event of his career; for, after some further military service, and a little angling (as it would seem) for the governorship of Jamaica, he was in 1703 prevailed upon, according to his own account, to accept the regular legation at Berlin, where he had made himself a *persona gratissima*.

The introductory Memoir opening this volume contains a few curious details as to the manners and customs of that most ceremonious of Courts, more especially with regard to the extraordinary mourning worn for Frederick's Queen, Sophia Charlotte (whom Mr. Cartwright, by a strange slip, calls Sophia Dorothea), the sister of the future King George I. The most exciting events of Lord Raby's residence at Berlin were, however, the visits of the great man of the day, the Duke of Marlborough, who was entertained with great splendour, and magnificently complimented in the way which of all ways he liked best. On Marlborough Lord Raby's hopes of future preferment speedily began to centre—hopes which henceforth occupied him and the family almost incessantly till the fatal times after Queen Anne's death. His legation was raised to the rank of an embassy, and even before this change had been maintained on such a scale that the Envoy's "family" consisted of not less than sixty-four persons. But his soul was vexed in an unusual degree by that discontent which has at all times distinguished the diplomatic service. At various times he desired various things—in the first instance to be made a Privy Councillor and Earl of Strafford, in lieu of which latter honour he would at one time have put up with a Commissionership of Trade in *absentia*; then, when peace was on the *tapis*, he felt the post of Ambassador and Plenipotentiary in the General Peace to be his due. Having during the period of his embassy occasionally been present in Marlborough's campaigns, he wished to keep his army appointments at the same time, and made his brother at home quote precedents of Envoys' services given *tan Marti quam Mercurio*. It was the saying of a late distinguished statesman, who had in his day to make a great many Foreign Office appointments, that he had never known a man desire anything "very much indeed" without ending by obtaining it. Of this comfortable truth Lord Strafford's career was a shining illustration, partly perhaps by reason of his attention to the principle which he says his great ancestor left as a maxim to his family, "that an Englishman can't have too many friends." One way, we suppose, of interpreting this maxim is that an Englishman cannot give too much trouble. In the present instance most of the trouble appears to have fallen to the share of the diplomatist's brother, Peter Wentworth, who successively held the office which he calls that of Query to the Duke of Gloucester, Prince George of Denmark, and Queen Anne herself, and who from this modest vantage-ground had to do many years of jackal's work for the head of the family. Ultimately—in 1711—the Embassy at the Hague was actually obtained, and in the same year Lord Raby was made Earl of Strafford. But by this time Marlborough's influence had long been on the wane, and the Tories were in power. There was certainly no reason why Lord Raby should not accept these and further favours at their hands; nor had he any misgivings to the contrary. He was named one of the Plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, and during the negotiations became a Knight of the Garter and a Commissioner of the Admiralty. He had pre-

viously been looking towards the Mastership of the Horse; and even after the crash there was some doubt in the mind of one of his confidential advisers whether he ought to accept a pension, or "press to be of the bedchamber, supernumerary without a pension"—assuredly the first unpaid office which Lord Strafford would have accepted in the course of his career. Meanwhile, though declaring to this correspondent that he would "stick firm to his Party," he had, like others, sought to keep on good terms with the expectants at Herrenhausen. But his public services were now at an end. His impeachment for high crimes and misdemeanours in connexion with the Utrecht Treaty broke down; and he retired into Yorkshire to spend the rest of his days, so far as politics were concerned, in occasional attempts to thwart the Whigs, and in occasional correspondence with the Pretender.

Lord Strafford has left no great name behind him even in diplomatic history; and from what little there appears in this volume on the subject—more especially in the very sensible letters of Lord Berkeley of Stratton—one might be inclined to gather that he only too accurately interpreted the wishes of his Government by showing the glossy side of his temper to the French, and the seamy to our Dutch allies and his fellow-plenipotentiary, the Bishop of Bristol. The first duty of a diplomatist is to obey his instructions; but there was something paradoxical in the signing of an inglorious peace by an agent who had taken part in the glorious war terminated by it. Brother Peter, though he could afford opinions of his own even less than the peer, had more or less cherished or professed Whig views throughout, while always single-mindedly looking out which way the wind blew. Thus his letters furnish one more contemporary commentary on that strange series of political intrigues of which the climax was the overthrow of Marlborough, not accomplished till after a long process of undermining, and the catastrophe of the sudden death of Queen Anne. We are not aware that anything new is here added to the story; but Peter was an assiduous collector of rumours as well as a good reporter of debates; and there is effectiveness in such colloquialisms as that which he appends to the news that the Duke is at last "out of all"; "the Tories say this is something like, the Treasurer is now in earnest." Of course "poor Peter," as his sister-in-law calls him, counted for nothing in these chances and changes; while perhaps the most cruel thing for him was that, after so many years, he, whose name with his children's might so easily have been inserted in the patent of Earldom, should come to have a sister-in-law at all. But, had Lord Strafford been the most desperate of misogynists, he must in the end have been "brought to the point" by the indefatigable pleadings of his mother.

A figure half as amusing as old Lady Wentworth must have been in real life would make the fortune of many a play or novel. Her devotion to her eldest son is pathetic in its constancy; but the way in which it most actively displays itself is an unflagging endeavour to find him a rich wife. And this in the most unselfish spirit; for, "if you was married although I loved twenty mylde ole of you yet it would be an unspeakable happynes to poore me, for sartainly I should never desier to liv with a daughter in law, for although themselves ar never so good, yet sum tattling sarvents or aquantenc will put jealosees in thear head, to breed discontents." But her son shows no disposition for some time to venture—whether for the Duke of Newcastle's or "Lord Carburer's" daughters; or for the one left behind him, "with a vast fortune," by "Sir Cloudy Shovell," though bidden "make inq" after her, his son was drownd with him; or for any of his mother's hundred other *trouvailles*. In the meantime she inhabits his house at Twickenham, populating it with "Fubs, Pug, and Pus," and the rest of her favourites, and drinking his health "at every meal"—"we have syder and wyne and strong ail every meal, and your Brewer sent such Bitter Bear that none can drinck it, soe we have it from one at Westminster." At times she leads "a merry life" at her friends' houses, playing at cards all day, and having "tea and coffy and cake and wyne" in the afternoon between dinner and supper. For she has a happy disposition and a "vast stomak"; and, when anything goes wrong with her, she gets blooded, and take "a great many slops," and is then "in parfit health again." Her reading is not extensive, though she is apt to cite Baker's Chronicle; but what of that? The Wentworths are not literary in their tastes, though they read the *Tatler* for the personalities in it; and even Peter, if we do not misquote him, refers to men of letters as "that class of people." The old lady is, moreover, at times undoubtedly given to flippancy—as when she stands godmother to a friend's child, and reports afterwards, "A Bishop crised it, but what I forgott." One of the troubles of her life must have been her daughter Betty, a volatile thing who sues her brother for ten pounds to put in the lottery—"for mony nowadays is the raening passion"—and who cannot bring one of her love-affairs to a successful issue before her brother's marriage, and the appearance of a sister-in-law to patronize her and try to "make her gentell which indeed at present she is not." This sister-in-law—the daughter of a wealthy shipbuilder and member of Parliament—proves to have plenty of spirit as well as 60,000*l.*, and to possess the faculty of supplying her absent lord with a copious flow of highly-seasoned gossip. And with all the bright impertinence of a fine lady to the manner born ("she is never out of youmore," exclaims her admiring mother-in-law), she unites the instincts so invaluable in the wife of diplomatist or courtier—"The Queen is still ill of the gout and a cold; I goe to the back starrs every day to know how she doe, for the lady in waiting allways tells who comes to know how she doe."

There are many other traits which we should like to have noted in this correspondence, but which we may safely leave our readers to observe for themselves. There is some curious information—not all of it bearing the stamp of unadulterated truth—concerning Bolingbroke, and a great deal of gossip about the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, whose share in the progress of affairs is not so easy to determine as that of the Marlboroughs. There are some interesting references to the October Club, and to the March Club of “Primitive October men” which was formed out of it, like an extract out of essence. Of literary notes, as might be expected, there are but few; though Lord Bathurst, whose rounded periods remind us that he was a correspondent of Pope’s, is also one of Lord Strafford’s correspondents. The names of Addison and Steele and Swift must, however, find their way into any Queen Anne collection of letters; and we may point to some interesting references to William Harrison, Swift’s friend, who continued the *Tatler* after Steele, and who, during the last two years before his death, acted as secretary to Lord Strafford at the Hague. Literary talent of a different kind presents itself in the Frenchman Boyer, for whom, when “taken up for conveying to the Press those letters which were said to be wrote by the Q— and Lord T— to the P. Sophia and the El. of Han,” Swift desired a doom such as is not even in Madras wreaked upon peccant journalists. He here appears as a writer of newletters, which were regularly supplied to Lord Strafford abroad at the rate of a guinea a month. He appears to have written in the Whig interest; but in those days diplomatists, like other persons, had still pretty much to take their news where they could get it.

LES EGYPTES.*

M. FONTANE’S capabilities may or may not be great, but his ambition is undeniable. This stout volume is, it appears, one of sixteen which he proposes to publish on universal history. We can but hope he may survive to complete the mighty task. The first two volumes, one on “Vedic India” and one on the Iranians, have already appeared. In the more ancient part of the work, M. Fontane is anticipated by M. Maspero, whose admirable *Histoire Ancienne des Peuples de l’Orient* can have left little to any other popular compiler in this line. M. Maspero has put all he had to say into a single small volume of 658 pp. M. Fontane’s *Les Egyptes* contains 513 pp., yet it is difficult to find anything in the book which has not already appeared from the pen of specialists in Egyptology, or has not been made popular by M. Maspero and other writers. M. Fontane’s task, therefore, as far as Egypt is concerned, is not a very difficult one, and, except as part of his great scheme of universal history, is not of much importance. Sir Erasmus Wilson has done what he could in this country to make Egyptian history known to the general reader, and there may be room for such a book as this in France. At the same time we may doubt the usefulness of either in the present state of our knowledge. Much has still to be done before a complete chronological system can be formulated, and until this has been accomplished such histories as *Les Egyptes* are mere stopgaps, calculated indeed rather to retard than advance our knowledge. So far chronology only takes us back with any certainty to 1000 B.C. Beyond that date a dozen different theories may be started, some of which, no doubt, are useful to work by, but only for students familiar with the enormous difficulties of the subject, and willing to work on without pretending to certainty. M. Fontane’s date of 5000 B.C. for the commencement of Egyptian history is not at all more certain than Sir Gardiner Wilkinson’s 2320 or Dr. Brugsch’s 4400. M. Fontane admits the existence of other systems, but gives us no reason for having adopted one or another, and does not say, what every historian who adopts the date 5000 B.C. should say, that it had the sanction of M. Mariette, who was always careful to guard against its being thought conclusive. It is, in fact, a “working theory” only, like Newton’s theory of gravitation, and the judicious historian who uses it should be more careful than M. Fontane appears to be in setting forth, first, the reasons for adopting it, and, secondly, the difficulties and doubts with which it is surrounded. We do not wish to find purposeless fault. The general reader, for whom apparently these pleasantly-written pages are intended, would be aghast at being told that in any Egyptian date before 1800 B.C. a millennium more or less of possible error must be allowed for; and M. Fontane is too willing to be sure where greater writers are in doubt. He speaks, for instance, with the utmost precision about the interval between the so-called Sixth Dynasty and the Twelfth. He says that here “s’ouvre un vide de quatre cent trente-six années.” But neither he nor any one else can tell whether it was 436 or 36. The whole subject is involved in the utmost obscurity. The numbers are really those offered, with the utmost hesitation, by Mariette, as part of the “working theory” of which mention has been made. Except in an annotated index, however, M. Fontane mentions no authorities, and is apparently troubled with few doubts. Having once stated that doubts and various systems of chronology have been started, he goes on straightforwardly, and troubles his readers as little as possible about such questions. This unfortunate opening begets a distrust in his powers or his knowledge which the book

may not wholly deserve. A comparison instituted between M. Fontane and Mariette, Dr. Brugsch, M. Maspero, and other original investigators betrays the fact that the chronology is that of Mariette, but stated in a positive way that would have startled that cautious investigator. Where Mariette, therefore, errs, which is not often, M. Fontane naturally errs still more signally. Mariette, for instance, in his declining years, had a pet theory that a granite subterranean building near the Sphinx might be the Temple of Armachis. M. Fontane simply asserts that it is so. We need not pause here to show the fallacy of the idea. So, too, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of French Egyptologists put forward the theory that Osiris and Horus might possibly have been deified kings. M. Fontane asserts plainly that “les Egyptiens auraient divinisé leurs premiers rois.”

We have said enough to show both the source from which M. Fontane has derived his information, and also that the student who uses his book may have, in an improved state of knowledge, to unlearn a good deal of what he finds here asserted with very little qualification. It is a more pleasing task to follow M. Fontane’s story as he tells it with the clearness and simplicity which so often characterize French historians, but which, as has been frequently observed, leads occasionally to the adoption of views either unfounded or founded on imperfect knowledge. The first five chapters deal with the country and its peculiarities, the probable mixture of races, the indications of a possible Semitic origin for the Coptic or ancient Egyptian language, the system of writing—where, by the way, M. Fontane is by no means so full or so clear as M. Maspero in the little volume already mentioned—the early social condition, and the dawn of history. He makes, of course, no mention of the efforts of English palæographers to decipher the Rosetta Stone, nor does he say that this monument is in the British Museum; but these are admissions one does not expect of a Frenchman. He stumbles a little also over the natural history. The sparrowhawk, for instance, is spoken of as a common bird, and a white ibis is mentioned; while nothing whatever is said as to the kestrel, the commonest of Egyptian hawks, and the one, of all others, sacred in the religion of the ancients. When at the sixth chapter he comes to the early lists of Kings, he offends our eyes by having adopted the absurd modern French system of transliteration, writing Snéwrou for Seneferou, for example; but here again we must remember that the older and better system is that adopted by German authors. For the rest, his chapter on what may be termed the prehistoric period—that, namely, which elapsed before the earliest records, which begin with the end of the Third Dynasty—is, if a little too much marked with the certainty of which we have spoken, very succinct and satisfactory. He misses a point, however, in writing of the architectural monuments of the early period. He has evidently not perceived, or not been told of, the prevalent Pharaoh worship which culminated in the erection of the Great Pyramid. The first dynasties, he remarks, had a passion for pyramids; but he does not go on to account for it. Shoofoo, or Cheops, to use the Greek form, whom M. Fontane calls Khouwou, was worshipped, no doubt, as the greatest god in the extensive pantheon of the time. M. Fontane says nothing of the doubts which have been entertained as to the authenticity of the “tablet of the Sphinx,” but quotes it as absolute proof that Cheops “showed himself respectful towards the beliefs of his people.” He further assumes with his usual certainty that Tatfra, whom, by the way, he calls “Doud-ew-Râ,” came between Cheops and Chephren, a point by no means settled. He adopts the spelling “Menkéra” for Mycerinus, who on the monuments is always Menka-ura, or Menka-coora, the name having as Menkéra a totally different signification.

When we reach the Twelfth Dynasty we are on firmer ground, and the paintings of Beni Hassan enable M. Fontane to speak much more fully of the state of the country. These chapters, the thirteenth and fourteenth, indeed, abound with picturesque passages, most of which are fairly well founded. The chapter on the succeeding period of confusion is not so clear. M. Fontane is torn by contending theories, yet disdains to state his evident difficulties, and gives us no clue as to his views on the identity, so often asserted, of the Thirteenth Dynasty with the Seventeenth. Of Joseph, the son of Jacob, there is a full account. Here, again, M. Fontane has no doubts. Joseph was the minister of a Shepherd king. He states his agrarian and hierarchical policy as if he had special intelligence from an “Own Correspondent.” There is a curious catechism in some old Bibles, in which a writer who lived in the troubled times of Charles I. and Cromwell puts a question and answer which may be commended to the notice of some modern Egyptologists. “What zeale had Pharaoh, being an infidell towards his idolatrous priests more than many Christians nowadaies have toward the true ministers of the eternal God? He did not diminish their church livings; Genesis xlvii. 12.” M. Fontane says of Joseph that, “in favouring the priests, he not only accomplished a prudent political act, but he obeyed also a sentiment which often was the motive of his actions. In the sacerdotal body were found a number of Asiatics, and probably of Hebrews, whom the Minister favoured.” This may be founded on some information to which M. Fontane has exclusive access; but it reads much more like an assumption of the kind made by the above-mentioned catechist. When M. Fontane arrives at the well-known Eighteenth Dynasty, he gives less evidence of superficial knowledge; and when he concludes with a sketch of the religion of the time of Ramesses, he proves himself the first French writer who has correctly described the Egyptian pantheon in its growth, and the gradual

* *Les Egyptes, de 5000 à 715 av. J. C.* Par Marius Fontane. Paris: Lemerre. 1882.

additions to the ritual which eventually attained such enormous proportions.

The historical part of *Les Egyptes* is too summary, and has too much assumption of authority, to be either very interesting or very trustworthy. It is, in fact, a question whether our knowledge of every part of the history is in anything like a sufficiently forward state to justify superficial writers in presenting it as a continuous narrative in a popular form. M. Fontane when he adopts, as we noticed above, such a figure as 436, adopts what may or may not be true, but what it is impossible yet to verify in the slightest degree. A man's certainty in obscure cases is too often measured by his ignorance. The present state of Egyptology requires that separate studies should be made of separate periods. The time for bringing them together has not yet come. The minds of some students are attracted by a remote period. Others prefer to work back from what we know, and step by step to trace out and fix the dates of reigns and events before the well-ascertained age of Shishak. Dr. Wiedemann has investigated the later period, and it is not much to the credit of English scholars that his work has never been translated. Of the most ancient period nothing really great has been done since the Viscount de Rougé died. There are rumours in the antiquarian world that a "coming man" on the subject may be looked for in England. The difficulties are great. The early language is very imperfectly understood. The hieroglyphic signs to be found at Maydoom and Sakkara are not in the accessible dictionaries. The results of the recent discoveries at Dashoor have not yet reached England. Regarding the middle period, the relation of the Eighteenth Dynasty to its predecessors, the heresy of Shoo-en-Aten or Khu-en-Aten, the transitional period between the Nineteenth Dynasty and that of the feeble Ramessides who preceded Her Hor, the character of Her Hor's usurpation, his connexion with the Ramesside family and with the rulers of Lower Egypt—these are all things which may be worked out now by any one who will take the trouble, and the Germans are understood to be busy with them. The French school of Egyptology has fallen back in the race since the deaths of De Rougé and Deveria. The latest publications of the heads of the Louvre have been simply ludicrous. M. Maspero, a naturalized Frenchman, connected by domestic ties with England, and born, we believe, in Brazil, is doing noble work in Egypt at the Boolak Museum. We must hope that a little friendly emulation may be stirred up in the minds of the new rulers of Egypt.

THE SUN: ITS PLANETS AND THEIR SATELLITES.*

THE many ways in which any branch of science may be taught can all be grouped under three general classes. We may state the laws which the science has ascertained, and then show how the phenomena we observe may be deduced from them. Or we may give an historical account of how mankind has arrived at its present knowledge of the laws. Or we may take the more obvious phenomena of which the science treats, and explain them in the order of their apparent importance.

Dr. Whewell has laid it down that "man is prone to become a deductive reasoner," and perhaps this accounts for the fact that nearly all scientific text-books adopt the first of these methods. Its most obvious advantage is, however, its shortness. The various branches of physical science lead up to the colligation of the facts with which they are concerned by a number of laws, several of which are the same for all; and hence the student who wishes to master more than one branch can do so far more quickly by adopting this deductive method than by ascending inductively through each branch to the same laws. But yet it is a considerable disadvantage that this plan of teaching science fails to exhibit, or rather, tends to conceal, the scientific method of induction. The second plan, that of explaining the laws in the historical order of their discovery, has the disadvantage of requiring a longer time for its pursuit than either of the other two, but in all other respects it is undoubtedly the best. The success and reasonableness of the inductive method is most clearly illustrated; the errors that have invariably followed a departure from that method are most distinctly exhibited; and the study itself is rendered more interesting, both by constantly keeping before the student the nature of the problem he has to solve, and by introducing a human interest into his study by bringing out the personal difficulties experienced by the pioneers of knowledge. It might at first sight be supposed that the third method, that of explaining the phenomena in the order of their apparent importance, would practically come to the same thing as the second; for the phenomena which appear to a student, who knows nothing of the subject he is entering upon, to be the most striking to-day, would have appeared to the earliest investigators to be those most needing explanation. But the direction taken at any moment by the progress of any branch of physical science depends much more on the perfection of instruments, and on the apparently accidental influence of the knowledge afforded by other branches, than on the mere desire of knowledge possessed by the investigators. Hence the order in which the phenomena are explained, if we treat of the science historically, is often different from, and sometimes, as in astronomy, even the inverse of, the order of their apparent importance. This third

method possesses no advantages over the other two for the student who desires to master the subject; but it is perhaps the most direct for the information of those amateurs who, in the moments of relaxation from active life, wish to gain some knowledge of the latest results of scientific research. It is therefore the plan adopted by Mr. Ledger in the work before us, which, as he tells us in his preface, is a reprint of lectures delivered at Gresham College, and attended by "schoolmasters, pupil-teachers, and others." In treating of the solar system, with which alone his work is concerned, he begins with the sun, as being apparently the most important member of it; he then passes on to consider the moon; and, lastly, takes the planets in order of their mean distances.

Now all the explanations with which astronomy is concerned can be grouped under the answers to three general questions which may be asked about the bodies with which the science deals. "How are these bodies really distributed throughout space, and how do they really move, so as to produce the complicated apparent distributions and movements we observe?" Why are they so distributed, and why do they so move? And, lastly, "What are they?" Of these questions, the answer to the first, which constitutes "Formal Astronomy," must obviously precede the answer to the second, which constitutes what is called "Physical Astronomy." But it would seem that the last is the question most likely to be first put by one who studies the sky for the first time. And, as a matter of fact, all the earliest star-gazers, at least among the Greeks, held theories, for the most part arbitrary and unwarranted, of the constitution of the sun, moon, and stars. But yet this question is the one which, owing to the need of great instrumental aids, and a considerable knowledge of the physical nature of light, has been answered latest with any certainty; and, in fact, it is only during the past twenty years, owing to the unexpected assistance rendered by the method of spectrum analysis, that most of our discoveries on this point have been made. The revelations of spectrum analysis perhaps seem to the outsider to be the most astonishing of all the results of astronomy; and on this ground, as well as for the reasons that our knowledge of the constitution of the heavenly bodies is the latest result of the science, and that this knowledge is probably the first that an outsider wishes to gain, Mr. Ledger has naturally devoted the most important part of his book to this question.

The remainder deals almost exclusively with formal astronomy. Near the beginning of his chapters on the moon the author says, "The moon's actual orbit is so intricate that we will not attempt to explain any of the various perturbations by which it is affected"; and we suppose that it is for the same reason that all consideration of the theory of gravitation, with its minute and subtle ramifications, has been omitted, and that a slight and superficial account of the determination of the masses of the various bodies composing the solar system is the only excursion made into the province of physical astronomy. It is unfortunate, however, that this reason should exclude all discussion of Mr. G. H. Darwin's theory of the tidal evolution of the moon, which forms one of the most interesting of the latest results of the science.

The multitude of the elementary works on formal astronomy which have been published in England during the past half-century might lead one to suppose that there could be no room left for another popular exposition of the subject; but the admirable clearness of Mr. Ledger's descriptions proves that his lectures were worth publishing. We may particularly mention his proof and explanation of the fact that the moon's orbit is everywhere concave to the sun—always a difficult idea for the unmathematical mind to grasp—and his explanation of the disappearance of Saturn's rings when their line of nodes crosses the earth's orbit. The plan of taking the reader in imagination to each of the planets in turn, and showing him the solar system from that standpoint, also seems well adapted to bring home to him the actual motions of the bodies which revolve round the sun.

In a science so complete as formal astronomy, almost the only points in which our knowledge changes, as time goes on, are the magnitudes of the solar system, or the scale on which it is constructed, and the number and distribution of the "asteroids" or minor planets. On both these points the writers of elementary books have a habit of copying one another, and thus perpetuating errors. Mr. Ledger's discussion of the most probable value of the sun's distance, which in his first chapter he fixes at 93,000,000 miles, and his statement of the magnitudes and the distances depending on it, are therefore specially interesting; and we could wish he had collected them into a more complete and elaborate table than that he has given.

In treating of the minor planets he says, "It is often stated that they are a sort of swarm, or ring, of small bodies lying between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and approximately occupying the place of a small planet which seems to be wanted to fill up the gap in that part of the solar system"; and he goes on to explain that one of them—viz. *Aethra*, No. 132, when at its nearest distance from the sun, approaches fully 5,000,000 miles nearer to it than the maximum distance of the planet Mars; while another, named *Hilda*, No. 153 . . . recedes from the sun to a distance of about 428 millions of miles, while the nearest distance of Jupiter is only about 461 millions of miles." The minor planets are thus scattered over almost the whole distance between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter; and the phenomena of "shooting stars" appear to suggest that minute bodies describing orbits round the sun, except when they are agglomerated to some large planet, by its greater attraction due to its near approach, may be more or less densely scattered over the whole of the interplanetary spaces.

* *The Sun: its Planets and their Satellites.* By Edmund Ledger, M.A., Rector of Barham, Suffolk; late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

This idea receives further confirmation from the researches of Le Verrier, which seem to indicate that a mass of matter, equal to one-fourth that of the earth, probably lies between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, a mass which is far greater than can be accounted for by the minor planets as yet discovered; and, also, that the perturbations of Mercury can only be explained on the assumption of a quantity of matter equal to upwards of two-thirds of his mass lying between his orbit and the sun.

On the whole, the facts of formal astronomy treated of by Mr. Ledger are stated with scrupulous accuracy, and are clearly described. But it is a pity that there is so little more than description. If the book is intended to be merely an accurate account of the facts, for the use of those who already understand the methods of investigation, the descriptions are unnecessarily diffuse. If it is intended for beginners, it would be surely better to pay more attention to the reasons we have for believing the facts stated. As it is, it would be difficult to fairly answer an ingenious objector, out of Mr. Ledger's lectures.

But it is the portions dealing with the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies which will be read with the greatest interest. The explanation of Dr. Croll's theory of the origin of glacial epochs, which is given in the chapter on the earth, is one of the best in the book. It is shown that from the united effects of the precession of the equinoxes, the variation of the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic, the progression of the apse line, and the variation of the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, it follows that during the 200,000 years intervening between about 100,000 and 300,000 years ago the extremes of heat and cold in summer and winter respectively were greater than at present; that winter was much longer than summer, in either the Northern or the Southern hemisphere, while at the same time in the other the temperature was comparatively uniform throughout the year, the heat of summer on the whole predominating over the cold of winter; and that during the long period in which this state of things existed, the Northern and Southern hemispheres interchanged the characteristics of their climates about every 10,000 years. It would follow that in that hemisphere where the extremes of heat and cold were great, and the winter the longer season, the heat of summer would be wholly expended in melting part of the snow and ice that had accumulated during the winter. At the same time the increased evaporation would cause greater masses of clouds to form during summer, and these would be carried towards the Pole by the currents in the upper region of the atmosphere, and would still further impede the action of the sun's heat; hence great accumulations of snow and ice would be formed in the Northern and Southern hemispheres alternately every 10,000 years.

With the exception of this theory, Mr. Ledger's treatment of the constitution of the sun, planets, and satellites, consists of little else than a clear statement of the observed facts. At the close of the work the author expresses a hope that the information he has put before his readers "may help them, if they should be disposed in their further studies to venture upon the stormy and doubtful sea of hypothesis, to start as from a safe harbour to which they may ever and anon return, and, casting anchor, pause awhile to meditate upon the results of their voyage." Accuracy as to facts clearly ascertained seems to be the author's aim, and in his attempt to attain it he has succeeded well; but when he continues, "May the facts here recorded be as ballast to their vessel, to keep it from drifting to shipwreck on the rocks of error before some gale of false deduction or hasty conclusion, and as warning beacons point to a careful and persevering study of accurate and positive truth," we are tempted to regret that he has not given a clearer indication of the direction in which new truths are most likely to be discovered. As it is, the very determination of the author to accept no theory that does not possess a very high degree of certainty leads him to ignore, or at least to class together, both probable and improbable theories. For instance, from his brief discussion of how the sun's energy can be maintained, a reader who approached the subject for the first time would be led to suppose that the theory that the solar energy was originally stored up by the collision of two or more vast masses, and has ever since been dissipating, Helmholtz's theory that it is maintained by the contraction of the sun, and the theory lately put forward by Dr. Siemens, were equally probable or improbable. Yet it is obvious that the odds against the first being the true explanation are practically infinite, when we consider that we have every indication that the sun is of the same nature as the stars; the second theory is in accordance with all the facts we observe, and with the nebular hypothesis—an hypothesis whose probability modern investigations are bringing more and more to the front, but to which Mr. Ledger scarcely alludes; and the third, even if it does not involve insuperable dynamical difficulties, is far more complicated, and on the whole does not explain the facts any better than the second.

But, though the book is scrupulously accurate in its statement of facts, and of those theories which have been so completely verified that they may be considered as facts, yet it seems to us that a wrong impression is left by the few references made to the history of astronomical science; and, unfortunately, this is the point on which mistaken ideas are more prevalent than in any other part of the subject. Before passing on from the consideration of the moon to that of the planets, a chapter is inserted entitled, "Ptolemy versus Copernicus." There the impression is given that the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems are independent and opposed, that the Copernican system is the formal theory at present held, and that

the Ptolemaic is entirely wrong. None of these ideas are strictly true. The epicyclic theory, founded by Eudoxus of Cnidus, built up by Hipparchus, and left in the form in which we know it by Ptolemy, is a perfectly fair account of the apparent movements, and, if we only complicate it somewhat more by adding on a few more epicycles, it may be accepted as a true theory of the movements of the planets as seen from the earth. What the modern theory does is to take us to the sun, and show us that these same movements, as seen from thence, appear to be far simpler; that from that standpoint the planets are seen to move in ellipses with the sun in a focus of each; but this discovery was the work of Kepler, not of Copernicus. Copernicus supposed, as a first approximation, that the planets moved in circles about the sun instead of the earth; he then accounted for their irregularities from that circular motion by a system of epicycles far more complicated than that of Ptolemy; and it is not popularly known that the greater part of his work *De Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium* was occupied with a determination of these epicycles. Moreover, Copernicus supposed that outside the solar system was a vast sphere to which the stars were fixed, and he put forward arguments worthy of the worst traditions of mediæval metaphysics—arguments which Hipparchus or Ptolemy would never have thought of using—to prove that the sun must rest at the centre of this sphere. Further, his physical and formal theories were inconsistent with each other, and on this ground Tycho Brahe, and apparently also Francis Bacon, were led, with perfect reasonableness, to reject his system altogether. On the other hand, we do not mean to follow those who argue that therefore the work of Copernicus is much exaggerated. There is no doubt that his system formed the foundation of the modern theory, whose claim to be the true one, in opposition to the Ptolemaic, rests on the fact that it has been explained by a perfectly consistent and elaborately verified physical theory, while none has ever been invented to account for the latter; and it is impossible to overrate the mental greatness of the man who was the first to awake out of the scientific slumber in which the world lay during the middle ages, and who first dared to doubt the authority which for thirteen centuries had been followed with unquestioning servility. But it is a mistake to apply the name "Copernican system" to the modern theory; and we think Mr. Ledger underrates the scientific value of the Greek astronomy. To this day the mathematician who expands the elements of a planet in a series of sines and cosines merely expresses in mathematical language a system of epicycles; and it was by successive modifications of the Ptolemaic theory, and not in independent opposition to it, that Copernicus was led to his system.

There are a few smaller historical inaccuracies which are worth noticing. In page 197 it is assumed that the hypothesis of the rotation of the earth is a more natural one than that of the diurnal rotation of the sun, moon, and stars; to us the opposite appears to be the case. But, in order to explain why the ancients adopted the latter hypothesis, we are told that they knew nothing of the enormous distances of the stars. Yet Eratosthenes in the third century B.C. measured an arc of the meridian, and in doing so assumed the distance of the sun to be practically infinite compared to the dimensions of the earth; and, in common with all the Greek astronomers, he supposed the stars to be at a much greater distance from the earth than the sun. Again, in page 110 we are told that "in the ancient system of the Egyptians" the planets Mercury and Venus were supposed to revolve round the sun. We believe that this notion was first suggested by Martianus Capella, in the fifth century A.D., as a mere correction of the Ptolemaic system. Lastly, in page 324 we read that "so violently was the ancient system maintained that Copernicus was with difficulty persuaded to publish his great work." This is an error which has been copied from one book into another, until it has come to be regarded as an historical fact. We believe there is not a particle of evidence to prove that the fear of persecution ever entered into Copernicus's motives in withholding his book so long. He was for many years urged to publish it by Cardinal Schonberg, at whose expense it was ultimately printed; and it was dedicated to the Pope Paul III. For many years after the death of the author his followers were left unmolested; and it was not until the Church was beginning to recover from the convulsion of the Reformation that she either felt the necessity or possessed the leisure to draw tight the bonds of "authority," and persecute the free-minded seekers after truth.

The historical inaccuracies which we have been considering form, however, a very small part of Mr. Ledger's book. As a clear statement of facts, for the use of those who do not want the trouble of following out the methods by which they have been ascertained, it will be found valuable. And the beauty of the photographs and other illustrations by which it is adorned leaves nothing to be desired in its external appearance.

KIT.*

THE fortunate reviewer who has to criticize a novel of Mr. James Payn's is certain beforehand that his task will be agreeable. The task of wading through the ordinary three volumes of bad English, worse French, and general dullness is about the most disagreeable that comes to a critic in the way of his sad business. In the average novel there are either no inci-

* *Kit: a Memory.* By Mr. James Payn. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

dents at all—nothing but the woes of subjective lives—or the incidents would startle Mrs. Radcliffe by their number and absurdity. In Mr. Payn's books things actually do happen; and, though they are not very usual incidents, they are interesting, and not impossible. Again, he does not analyse character into a residuum of the most dolorous nature, but he draws living men and women. In his new tale, for example, he introduces us to a kind of scoundrel really fresh in fiction, and to a sort of amiable idiot whom society would be obliged to allow to exist outside of Colney Hatch. He has a new species of devoted sister, who wins our liking, and even admiration, by the plucky way in which she sticks to that "affectionate scoundrel" her brother. The dialogue is full of pleasant little points; and the story never wearies, even though one very early discerns the nature of the plot. The love-making is in Mr. Payn's best manner; he is the Delaunay of novelists, and his love-scenes are equally remote from the passions in tatters (and not enough of them for decency) of some lady writers, and from the metaphysical and analytic sentiments of the subjective school. As in all Mr. Payn's novels, there is here a great liking for youth and the young; a great belief in good women; and sufficient acquaintance with out-of-the-way lore to give colour to the character of antiquaries and students; a disbelief in the humanity of small boys, in the education of the Universities, in the charms of attorneys, and in the necessity of having a minute acquaintance with classical and alien languages.

It would be easy to go on speaking of *Kit* in general terms, but one feels a sort of reluctance to come to particulars. Though the plot is not so cunning as that of *Le Crime de l'Opéra*, for example, which might deceive the most expert, though the true man and the scoundrel are readily discerned, still to furnish an epitome of a plot takes the bloom off a tale. We shall therefore only indicate the broader lines and leave the conclusion, at least, for the reader to find out by research in the original text. The hero, or villain, as you please, of the tale is Kit Garston, a Cambridge undergraduate, and the son of a Cornish solicitor, resident at the Grey House in Mogadon. This was no ordinary attorney. He was found, like Arthur,

After tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,

having been wrecked, in fact, on the Cornish coast with his father, a Spaniard. With a Spanish grandfather, Kit, as all novelists know, was *capable de tout*, like Habakkuk in the opinion of the French critic. Kit's friends are Frank Meade, the heavy, powerful, and virtuous son of the local physician, and Mark Medway, a youth who inherits a dreamy, desponding temperament, is excessively devoted to Kit Garston, wears spectacles, and is engaged on a County History of Cornwall, in quarto. As he does not seem to be a Celtic scholar, and as his acquaintance with Latin also appears to be a little thin, we do not expect too much from his County History. When we first see these three young men, Mark is reading an old romance of Dr. Faustus. This leads Kit to confess that he had read the same book when a boy, and had sold himself to the devil, signing the contract with his own blood. De Quincey, when a boy, or De Quincey's brother (we forget which), tried to raise the devil, but Garston went a step further. The remainder of the story is occupied with showing us how the devil came for his bargain, or rather how the bargain went to the devil.

The women in this romance are Trenna Garston, Kit's sister, a dark beauty, and Maude Medway, Mark's sister, a fair beauty. The interest centres in Trenna, who sacrifices herself, in the way of all others most distressing to herself, to save, and that for a very short time, the reputation of her brother. Mr. Payn makes this courageous and unhappy maid his real heroine, though the nominal heroine, we presume, is Maude. But beyond the facts that Maude was a blonde beauty "of magnificent proportions," and that some one is always saving her life, we really hear very little of her. She is quite "played down" by Trenna, who is one of the most successful, perhaps absolutely the most successful, of Mr. Payn's innumerable daughters of dreams. Her rue is worn with an almost tragic air, and when, immediately after attempting to drown herself in despair, she jests on a burlesque idea that suicide is the refuge of the defeated in lawn-tennis, one feels that here is a touch of genius, and that there is real human nature of a rare strain in Trenna Garston. Novelists seem to prefer dark women. Rebecca is much superior to Rowena. Emmie is a moral foil to Becky, Betsinda to Angelica, Ethel to Rosey, Laura to Blanche Amory. Mr. Payn has "backed the black" again in this romance, and we may reckon the eclipse of Maude as one of the faults of the conduct of the story. Maude is not made interesting enough. Kit (who had already saved Mark from being crushed to death in a sand-pit) saved Maude from drowning in the river. The scene is capitally described; and the accident, if not the rescue, of the most probable. But when Frank (by way of giving him a fair start) is also allowed to save Maude from being crushed by a runaway cart, we feel that a little too much salvage is being done on the Cornish coast. And when Kit does a piece of moral salvage, and rescues Mark from the wiles of a local Cambridge beauty named Lydia Finch, the impression is deepened.

Mr. Payn's object is to show how strong were the bonds of gratitude that united Mark Medway to Garston, and also, perhaps, to show that a scoundrel may have all manner of serviceable qualities. Without the first point being made, it would be difficult to forgive Mark for his infatuation about Christopher; without

the second, we could scarcely feel that shy liking for Kit which survives all his mean and monstrous delinquencies. There are young men like him in the world, fellows of infinite fancy and good humour, who win hearts by their lively enjoyment of life and their inability to be morose. As men and women want all the sunshine they can get, these people are welcome, and are forgiven to seventy times seven. In novels they are common enough; but, with all their pleasant gifts, they possess in novels the heartlessness and selfishness of George Eliot's Tito. But the *differentia* of Kit, what makes him a fresh and interesting character, is not his combination of pluck and festivity with rascality, but his affectionate nature. He really is "an affectionate scoundrel," and though one always feels that it must have been difficult to mistake him for a gentleman, still his empire over very young people is easily explained. He is so boastful and swaggering, too, as actually on occasion to forget his very considerable cunning, and so to ruin himself. But his friend and adorer Mark could not have been the occasion of his ruin in the manner described, if Mark had not been absent-minded and morally blind beyond what is permitted even in a young Cornish antiquary. This is perhaps a weak point in the conduct of the plot; and there are other points on which, if Mr. Payn were a less experienced weaver of tales, we might hold him mistaken. The trick about the bank-note, in an incident of the utmost prominence, seems to us to lower Trenna's character needlessly. She helps to throw suspicion (which she excuses by saying that she knows it will be resultless) on an innocent person. And nothing is gained by this. The real culprit does not need time so as to make his escape, nor time for any other purpose. The stolen notes are stopped; he cannot circulate them; and those he has already put into circulation are certain to be traced to him. This part of the plot seems (unless it is so subtle that we have failed to take the point) to be destitute of Mr. Payn's usual skill. Again, all the threads are too hastily wound up. There is an extremely powerful scene, in which Kit and Trenna visit the deserted house of that very repulsive attorney, their father. You expect to find, if not "white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood," at all events "corpses three months old," in this wicked deserted house. But nothing of the sort is discovered, nothing particular comes of the visit, and we never learn what really became of the attorney. If he had even said *Carambo!* once, like people in Mayne Reid's novels, we might believe that he had returned to his ancestral land, and was basking in the lap of luxury in the shade of the Alhambra, and speaking Castilian with a Cornish accent. We feel inclined to ask Mr. Payn, with the persistency of "Toad in the Hole," "Ubi est ille solicitor?" That he disappeared, as Kit suggested, "to make us as uncomfortable as possible to the very last," seems scarcely a sufficient answer. Yet we find no better explanation of his conduct than "general cussedness," of which this Hispano-Cornubian attorney had certainly more than his share. The "Cook's Creek Mine" in which Garston gets involved seems also almost too emaciated an undertaking to deceive even the British investor. It is not as if the mine had been in the Wynaad. Some one would have had the curiosity to inspect the hole at Cook's Creek, from which an out-put was looked for in a few weeks.

Mr. Payn has fallen into one error, which, had he written in epic Greek three thousand years ago, would have convinced the higher criticism that there were at least two Mr. Payns. The whole story, except the Cambridge part, is written "up to date." Lawn-tennis is described as the popular game. But, when Mark and Kit are at Cambridge, "Kit took him to the Cider Cellars (at that date in their prime)," and to the "Judge and Jury." Also "the nobility were called hat fellow-commoners in those days." In which days? In days of lawn-tennis? Any higher critic will now assure us that all the Cambridge part of the tale was an original *Kitiad*, written (or composed) about 1852, while the rest of the story is a much later concretion of floating legends about bank-notes and diamonds, dovetailed into the *Kitiad* by a *diasteknast*, who worked some time between 1873 and the present date. Homer's little slips are always explained in this simple fashion, and why not Mr. Payn's? What is sauce for the Caystrian swan should be no less excellent a condiment for the modern bird of Thames. One more fault we must hint at. Why does Mr. Payn only once give us a glimpse of a character so charming as the wanderer Gregorius? He appears in vol. i. p. 80, and we never encounter him again. Some curious French plurals, accents, and the like may be regarded as the escapades of the compositor. "God will have a stroke in every battle," says Malory, and so will the printer in every book. Mr. Payn's last—*le dernier de M. Payn*, to travesty a once favourite French periphrasis for a certain novel—is among his very best. The interest is unflagging, the manner brilliant, and we feel tolerably certain that we could read it again with pleasure in three months.

NICOLL'S LANDMARKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

MR. NICOLL deserves to be treated with some respect because, in a matter where the existing text-books are with few exceptions very imperfect, decidedly formless, and singularly unoriginal in plan, he has the merit of striking out a more or less independent line, and of following it with at least a

* *Landmarks of English Literature*. By H. J. Nicoll. London: John Hogg. 1883.

good deal of courage. We do not agree with all his opinions, we can detect certain evidences of haste in the formation and expression of not a few of them, and we are inclined to doubt whether his plan be a good one. But his opinions, whether right or wrong, seem to be either honestly and independently formed or borrowed with due acknowledgment from respectable authorities; his actual facts are rarely incorrect (a point of very great importance in such a book), and his plan, whether a good one or not, is more or less original. Most literary historians profess to give a complete account of their subject, and most of them do not give it. Mr. Nicoll definitely warns the reader that he does not intend to give a complete account of his, and strikes out a different course. Taking up a position which is not new, but which writers on literature itself, for obvious reasons, have usually avoided, he boldly lays it down that much of the literature of the past is rubbish; that people necessarily feel a greater interest in the literature of their own day than of any other; that only the "landmarks" of the literature of the past are, at least by the ordinary student, worth studying; and that, in consequence, only to those landmarks does he need to be guided. Possibly (as generally happens when one man sums up another man's views, with which views he does not agree) we have put these views of Mr. Nicoll too pointedly; indeed he himself quotes with some disapproval, as "too strong," a passage of Professor Bain's, which states the same idea nakedly enough. But it is certain that this idea is the mother idea of his book, and that by it the book must be justified, if it is to be justified at all. Indeed, some unguarded expressions of Mr. Nicoll's would go far to strengthen the language we have used. On his very first page, and in his second sentence, he speaks about "the rubbish bequeathed to us by wretched playwrights and dreary prose-writers three or four centuries ago"; and he is terribly severe on the seventeenth-century lyrical writers, who supply, perhaps, of all divisions of English literature, the best touchstone of a catholic and delicate literary taste. But, on the whole, and setting aside some exaggerated expressions, probably due to haste, the view which this volume expresses is a sufficiently deliberate and fairly well-reasoned one. Mr. Nicoll has given it the support, which is not a mean one, of a tolerably well-written, and more than tolerably well-arranged, treatise on his subject. He has, moreover, all the spirit of the day with him—the spirit which aims at lowering as much as possible what may be called the standard of scholarship, and making a certain cheap and slipshod erudition the universal substitute in the future for the ignorance of the many and the learning of the few in the past. In one of the most ill-judged passages of his book, Mr. Nicoll talks of the "trifling facts and verbal subtleties, a thorough acquaintance with which is the glory of University magnates." All this is bad, and occasionally tempts one to administer severe chastisement to Mr. Nicoll. But his general thesis that literary history should be studied in its "landmarks" is really an arguable one, and we feel inclined to take advantage of his book to argue it.

It does not require a very accomplished counsel to state the arguments on Mr. Nicoll's side. They have partly been put for him (now a good many years ago) by some of those very University magnates whom he disdains, in the manifesto-programme which used to be prefixed by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press to their series of text-books in English literature. It is clear that if a person who has not much time at his disposal sets to work to master the whole even of a single literature, he will for the simplest physical reasons fail. It is scarcely less clear that he will not only fail in the impossible task which he sets himself, but will in all probability misapply the time and work that he actually does bestow. He will as likely as not read second-rate authors instead of great ones, and will accordingly not only suffer a negative loss, but incur a positive chance of vitiating his taste. All this is granted, and it is granted also that a great deal of the literature of the past is not worth reading at any price, and a great deal more only indirectly worth reading. Whether the literature of the present is not in the same, if not in a worse, case is a by-question which need not be argued. But we have given Mr. Nicoll and those who think with him as much as he can fairly claim, and rather more. The main argument *per contra* is that by the literary historian, if not the student of letters, it is none the less, but all the more, indispensable that these despised minorities of literature should be studied and represented. It would hardly be a paradox to say that for the historian of literature, in a small compass at any rate, it would almost be better to do injustice to the greater names, and to devote himself to the lesser, than to reverse this proceeding as Mr. Nicoll has done. For, in the first place, it is the duty of such an historian to act not merely as a guide, but as an actual assistant, to his reader. He must not only show him what to read, he must spare him the labour of reading what is not absolutely necessary. The second-rate authors may fairly be taken at second-hand, as, according to the very arguments on the other side, they must be taken by most people, if they are to be taken at all. It is the greater ones who ought not to be taken at second-hand, and in whose case it is infinitely more important that the student should read for himself than that he should know what ought to be, has been, or may be said about them. But there is more to be said for the inclusion of minor works and men in a literary history than this. It is practically impossible without some knowledge of them (a knowledge which, again, may not unfairly be taken at second-hand by the busy man or the tiro) to appreciate the greater authors themselves. Everybody who has looked into the subject knows how largely the in-

adequacy of the views once held in England as to Shakspeare was due to the almost entire ignorance of Shakspeare's contemporaries which then prevailed. The exaggerated importance even now given to the supposed Frenchifying of English taste and literature in the latter half of the seventeenth century is due to the same ignoring of the minor Caroline poets and prose-writers. Taken by themselves, the greater writers are certain not to be overvalued—for wider study rarely or never depreciates them—but to be misvalued. No one really knows Dryden who does not know Shadwell and Crowne, Temple and Halifax, Oldham and Blackmore. The great poetic revival of the extreme close of the eighteenth century is sure to be misunderstood by any one not gifted with a kind of divine critical instinct, who does not know Wolcot and Akenside, Mason and Churchill and Beattie. Mr. Matthew Arnold's depreciation of "the historic estimate" is one of the finest and most flourishing tares in the oddly-mingled wheat-and-tare field of his criticism. But the historic estimate at first hand is an impossibility to any but the professed and laborious student of literature, or the lucky man with entire leisure to read and do nothing else. The materials for it must be furnished to most people in a properly briefed and digested form, and it is the business of writers like Mr. Nicoll to do this. If they decline to do it, and instead thereof confine themselves to a kind of ciceroneship among the better things of literature, requesting their followers not to care about this heap of unadjusted legs and arms, or that row of toros, they abdicate the best and most useful, though undoubtedly the most toilsome, difficult, and thankless part of their duties.

Therefore, as we have said, we cannot approve of Mr. Nicoll's plan; but it is fair to repeat that he has executed it by no means badly. The book opens with a well-constructed and extremely useful table of contents, in which the heading of each chapter is followed by a tabular arrangement, in chronological order, of the principal books and persons which come under that heading, whether they are or are not expressly mentioned or criticized in the text. This table, which occupies some thirteen pages, is very well constructed, and might be worth separate publication; for, though it is by no means the first, it is one of the best, of its kind. In accordance with his general plan, Mr. Nicoll devotes an unusually large proportion of his volume to modern work, the last two centuries occupying at least two-thirds of the book. Contemporary writers, too many of whom, it is to be feared, will be spoken of by the Mr. Nicoll of the twenty-second century as wretched poetasters and dreary critics (some of the more modest of them do not probably anticipate any better fate even for themselves), enjoy large and respectful treatment. The last chapter, on "Periodicals, Reviews, and Encyclopedias in the Nineteenth Century," is very well done. It has been already remarked that Mr. Nicoll's facts are commendably accurate. His critical remarks not unfrequently show shrewdness mixed with some crudity, and an occasional attempt at the higher criticism which is not always happy. He has somewhere a cross parallel between the popularity of Thackeray and Dickens, Macaulay and Carlyle, which is singularly topsyturvy. The reader will naturally suppose that Macaulay and Dickens are bracketed; but Mr. Nicoll has, it seems, succeeded in persuading himself that "the cultured classes" prefer Macaulay to Carlyle—an odd belief. Yet his remarks on Dickens himself are just and good. He has, again, a very excellent passage on Lockhart, a writer to whom most historians of modern English literature have been singularly and almost unaccountably unjust. Nor does this seem to be due to any mere clannishness, for Mr. Nicoll is by no means indiscriminately kind to his brother Scots. Another good passage may be noted on Hallam. On a very difficult subject—Byron—he is again to be well spoken of, though in relation to Scott he seems to be a little carried away by the popular cant as to the "pitifulness" of Scott's ambition to found an estate and a family. Why on earth should a man, the very root and source of whose genius was a sense of the historic continuity of family and tradition, be blamed or pitied for carrying out that sense in his own practice? We have no space to work in any more of the notes we have made on Mr. Nicoll's book, except one of exclamation against the description of Locke's style as "simple and graceful." Mr. Nicoll cites Landor as his guarantee for this opinion, and though we do not at the moment remember the passage, no doubt he is right; but, if so, Landor was in one of his frequent moods of crotchettiness. "Simple Locke's style is; but it is the simplicity not of grace but of uncouthness." Mr. Nicoll's own style would bear a little polishing, and he may be particularly requested to abstain from the horrid word "cultured." But it is perfectly devoid of pretentiousness, tawdriness, and mannerism, for which relief in the present day an author always deserves much thanks from his critics.

WOOD'S BLACK FOREST.*

THIS volume, like others of a similar character by the same fluent writer, consists of papers reprinted from the *Argosy* magazine, though, for all that any one can gather from its title-page, it might be an entirely new production; and, if people who read the *Argosy* were to send to the libraries for it, they might with some reason complain that they had been misled. Mr. Wood's works are among those which leave the unsatisfactory impression

* In the *Black Forest*. By Charles W. Wood. London: Richard Bentley & Sons. 1882.

that, while resolutely determined to write, the author has really nothing particular to write about. He has, however, acquired some dexterity in covering with the smallest amount of meaning the largest possible space, and has a truly astonishing stock of flowery sentimental commonplaces always on hand when the subject-matter begins to flag. In the capacity for accumulating materials for the production of a book worth reading he seems less fortunate, not having apparently a large assortment of thoughts, statistics, or observations which are conspicuously novel, instructive, or entertaining.

It does not impress one favourably at starting that Mr. Wood should have made the journey from Cologne to Baden-Baden in a single day, rushing helter-skelter through some of the finest scenery in Germany. If he had wanted to confer a real benefit on the mob of English tourists he would have passed his time between Bonn and Biebrich, and perhaps a modest series of papers describing the great and manifold beauties of that region of the Rhineland, which is less visited than passed by, might have tempted at least some of his readers to loiter on that beaten but unregarded track during their next holiday rambles, instead of taking the Rhine as merely a stage on the road to Switzerland. It is the fashion to inveigh against the Rhine because it is the misfortune of that noble stream to be flooded by a legion of "trippers," whose experience is confined to a single day passed between Cologne and Mayence in one of the saloon steamers. The best scenery cannot be seen from the river, for it lies behind, and at a distance from the banks. A month would not exhaust the Seven Mountains district, which is not visited by one English tourist out of a hundred; and probably not one in a thousand walks through the woods from Königs-winter to the beautiful ruined abbey of Heisterbach. Coblenz—with Ehrenbreitstein and the majestic wooded cliffs of Astenstein on the one side, and the pastures and orchards and forests of the Moselle valley on the other—is not only charming in its immediate surroundings, but is a sort of park lodge to the noble scenery of Nassau and to the lake-like Moselle. The far-famed pilgrimage church of Andernach has, we believe, escaped mention in Murray's Guide; consequently travellers miss, not merely a gem in the way of churches, but some of the finest views in the whole valley of the Rhine. Mr. Beckford, nearly fifty years ago, complained that Europe was so "itinerarized" that before we start we know everything we are to see as distinctly as though we had viewed the scene in a panorama. "Not a dark point in the landscape, not a suspicious lane, not an inn of dubious reputation, not one mysterious nook in which to niche a romance; and, were poor Mrs. Radcliffe to revive, she might as well attempt to conjure up horrors about Islington Hill as about the Apennines. John Murray has much to answer for beside the burning of Byron's journal." This is all vastly fine; and we constantly hear the same tale from excursionists who "do" Belgium in two days, the Rhine in one, and Heidelberg in an hour. As the paramount object of most tourists is to go as far and as fast as they can in the shortest possible time, it follows that every word they utter displays their ignorance of all except the most obvious aspects of the country which they profess to be competent to criticize. The wooded, hilly country all round Ems is particularly delightful; indeed the Lahn valley (the charms of which were so vividly described by Lord Beaconsfield in *Vivian Grey*) is exquisitely beautiful throughout. The fine range of wooded and vine-clad hills opposite and below Bingen, known as the Niederwald, is the gate to a magnificent forest country; and, as at Ems, a whole summer would not nearly exhaust the walks from Schlagenbad, a place which at first sight reminds one of the old Bible pictures of the Garden of Eden. From the Platte, the white hunting-lodge on the hills behind the Wiesbaden woods, is one of the most sublime views in Germany, but it is not only unvisited by the English, like all the grand inner country of Nassau and the Taunus, but hardly one in a thousand has ever heard of such a place. Mr. Wood need not despise or ignore the Rhine, for he would find ample employment for his facile pen between Bonn and Biebrich, and would be better engaged in exhorting his fellow-countrymen to "go further and fare worse" than by lingering a month between the towns on the Rhine, to say nothing of saving money and benefiting health. To go abroad for August or September, and spend half the time in travelling, tends rather to fatigue and irritation than to what, in the American language, is called "recuperation."

Mr. Wood was content to rush by Heidelberg, but compensates himself by some fancy passages of rhetoric, which may be taken as a favourable sample of his style when he is "on the gush," which, as a rule, happens every four or five pages:—

You may pace those ruined terraces on a moonlight night, and fancy a ghost lurking in every shadow. As indeed there is—the ghosts of a departed grandeur and glory, whose name is Legion; the ghost of a thousand marvellous tales of superstition and wonder. And you turn your gaze to the broad flowing river below, upon which the moon is casting her jewelled rays; you gaze and gaze, and fancy each moment that Undine, with pale loveliness and floating tresses, will rise and bid you plunge beneath the calm surface to her fairy palace, a bidding you will have no power to disobey. . . . In these regions of romance the very atmosphere possesses a quality that stirs the imagination, and for the time plunges you into a world where realities dissolve and the ideal cheats you into a belief of happiness. And every now and then, for one moment—is it not so?—the burden of life falls away with as great a relief as when the pack fell from the back of Christian, and a strange soul-sense steals over the spirit, begotten of all this divine beauty of creation, that, while it lasts, is surely a forecast of a celestial world—a sense evanescent as a vapour, fleeting as the trail of a meteor, almost as soon gone as it is come; within us, yet seemingly as far off and intangible as the flash of sunset, which one moment colours a passing cloud and dies the next in the far-off ether. The

beauties of nature, and also certain strains of music, address themselves to the infinite in man, find their response, and, for a moment, raise him to Paradise.

Half Mr. Wood's book is eked out with original reflections of this calibre. The best that can be said of them is that any ordinary reader is quite competent to make them for himself, and no intelligent reader would think it worth while to utter them aloud, much less to write, revise, and print them. It would not be difficult to specify the writers who are in the mind's eye of Mr. Wood when he is in the throes of this species of composition, and the result reminds us of the Duke of Grafton's oratory, as described by Junius:—"The style is what the learned Scriblerus calls *rigmarole* in logic, riddlemerree among schoolboys, and in vulgar acceptation, three blue beans in a blue bladder."

The Black Forest is looked upon by most English tourists as an avenue to Switzerland. The majority pass through it in a day's journey by the new military railway, which traverses some of its finest scenery, and in the lower part crosses several times over a tiny stream, which, at a later stage in its progress, is known as the Danube. A few travellers drive from Freiburg, through the Hölenthal and Albtal to Albrück, where they meet the train which conveys them to Basel or Zürich. The district is generally believed to be a sort of New Forest, only of infinitely greater extent, and diversified by many high mountains, with streams swarming with trout, and with the woods full of game. Any one who goes there with these exaggerated ideas will be grievously disappointed. There is very little fine timber to be seen, and, so far from its being wholly forest, there are miles of marshy heath and brushwood where hardly a tree enlivens the prospect. The fishing has greatly degenerated, and will not compare with the sport to be obtained in our homely Kennet; and if there is game, which is usually denied, it is impossible to get leave to shoot it, or, if leave is obtained, it will be found to extend over a district which has not recently been known to afford good sport. Still the forest has merits of its own for quiet people. There are excellent inns in the heart of the country, with woods, hills, hayfields, waterfalls, and clear streams all within a short walk, and the air is most invigorating. The country inns are usually kept by persons who are not dependent on the tourist harvest, but who own large farms, and at such places good wholesome fare is obtained, and at very moderate charges. Baths are universal, bedrooms are clean and well furnished, and the wine of the country is cheap and good. Indeed it seems strange that Affenthaler and Markgräfer have never yet made their way to England. The whole forest is traversed by capital roads, and the postal and coaching arrangements are unexceptionable. Mr. Wood speaks of Schluchsee (a village on the banks of a lake halfway from Freiburg to Albrück) as a place where people make long sojourns; our experience has been in favour of Hölsteig (a favourite resort during several summers of Anthony Trollope) and of Höchenschwand, both of which lie very high. St. Blasien, which is one of the largest villages in the forest, is the chosen haunt of the natives of the Fatherland, but it lies low, and is warm and relaxing. This is the next stage on the road southward, after passing Schluchsee, and a glorious view of the Alps is obtained on clear days from the summit of the intervening hills. One of the most noted walks in the district is from the further bank of the lake of Schluchsee direct to St. Blasien, through the *chasse* which formerly belonged to the great Benedictine monastery, one part of which is now a manufactory, while another block serves for the hotel. The points of interest on the Black Forest railway do not need to be mentioned. Triberg is the most frequented; while, from Baden Baden, Gernsbach can easily be reached. This is one of the prettiest villages in the forest; it lies under the famous Eberstein Schloss at the mouth of the Murgthal, and is a far more pleasant summer residence than noisy glaring Baden. Trout are to be had everywhere, and there is not an inn that does not possess fish-ponds, so that, as at Wolfsbrunnen, near Heidelberg, you see the fish alive in the water which in a few minutes is to appear on the table. The trout, however, are not, as a rule, worth eating, for not only is their natural flavour insipid, but they are invariably boiled to rags, and served with an enormous heap of mashed potatoes. At the midday table-d'hôte the trout do not appear till late in the repast, not being regarded as "the fish"—which sometimes takes the form of a cold pike, with vinegar sauce, garnished with onions, or of Rhine salmon plainly boiled. Anything is preferable to a sea-fish which, after having travelled from Ostend to Baden or Freiburg, has been jolting about in the boot of a diligence for a day and a night. Bouilli is accompanied by sauceboats of pickled cherries, purée of onions, pickled turnip, and cucumber. A joint of veal, well basted with butter, follows, or perhaps a dish of "chevreuil," swimming in stewed apricots; and, after the inevitable roast chicken with compôte and salad, comes the *zucker-brod* and fruit. The wild strawberries are in profusion everywhere, and served as a compôte they make a feast worthy of Lucullus. Eggs, cream, butter—indeed, everything known as "country produce" (which is never to be procured in rural districts in England)—are abundant and of the very best quality, because they come from the landlord's farm, and the practice of sending everything that can be spared "to market" is happily unknown. English is usually spoken by at least one *attaché* of even the most remote hostleries.

Mr. Wood entered the forest at Baden, which he describes as "gay and pleasant," while the Kursaal is "a gorgeous building" where balls are held. Nothing can spoil the neighbourhood of

Baden; but anything more dreary than the Kursaal, or more inane and tawdry than its balls, it would be difficult to conceive. People who do not wish to become depressed will do well to avoid the Kursaals at German baths, for since the gambling was prohibited nothing can exceed the desolation of their spacious rooms. Mr. Wood devotes no fewer than twelve pages to an account of his visit to the old castle; but he makes no mention of the church, which contains some of the finest monuments in Germany; and his account of Gernsbach is so cloudy and vague as to be almost unintelligible. Mr. Wood drove from Baden to Triberg in three days, traversing some of the most picturesque and primitive localities in the forest; and he gives some useful hints on the tricks of drivers, which will be of service to any one who follows in his steps; but he went over the ground far too quickly. He passed through Griesbach, which, after Wildbad, is the most frequented bath in the forest, and, instead of giving a rational description of the place, indulges in his usual strain of effusive meditation:—

People come to drink the waters—a mixture of iron and carbonic acid gas, not particularly agreeable to the taste. But what will not man go through to recover from real or imaginary ills? The hypochondriac, indeed, with his ailments that exist only in a morbid fancy, is most of all to be pitied, for his ills are beyond remedy. "You cannot minister to a mind diseased."

Next day at Rippoldsau Mr. Wood goes to have a bath, and, just as it is being prepared, there is a cry that "the Countess is coming." This gives him an opportunity to be funny:—

Immediately all was excitement and confusion. The bath woman turned pale, dropped her witch's stick, deserted her post, rushed out to greet the Countess. I followed, and beheld a German giantess in full sail, accompanied by a maid carrying a huge bag. As a truthful historian, I am bound to record that she was ugly; and I may do so without being personal, as I afterwards found that there were no fewer than sixteen German countesses at Rippoldsau, who all took baths and drank the waters. No other adjective will describe this lady's charms; possibly she was amiable; while some of the other countesses (a few of whom were lovely) probably had vixenish tempers. Nature ever has her compensations. The bath woman backed and bobbed before this Countess just as one does before royalty; and the giantess swept into her bath-room as if this world had been made for her, and for her alone. It was some time before order and serenity of mind reigned once more, and anything beneath a countess received attention to its humble requirements.

Mr. Wood is evidently nothing if not smart; but the result to the reader is not always inspiring. It would have been far more to the purpose to have given us some petty practical details about the place, the waters, and the effects of the bath. It is, perhaps, an indication of Mr. Wood's literary taste that a few pages further on we light on a quotation from Robert Montgomery. Presently we encounter reflections on the performance of a mechanical organ; and, on the appearance of some students, these lead to a discussion on the pleasures of youth, for the heads of which Mr. Wood is indebted to Ecclesiastes. Thoughts on passing a beggar, on entering a graveyard, occupy a dozen pages, and will not leave the reader in a good temper. At last, however, he drops from the clouds on reaching the railway at Hornberg, whence, by a devious route, he proceeds to Freiburg, where he goes to the cathedral on Sunday to hear the music. Here Mr. Wood was disappointed; and, with natural self-complacency, found that "it was a relief to steal quietly away to a very different atmosphere and a simple ritual" at the Anglican church. Mr. Wood drove through the Hohenall, and gives a good account of his journey to St. Blasien; but, in our opinion, he greatly overrates the scenery of the pass. Mr. Wood proceeded on to Albruck, and then back through the Wehrthal, both of which are beautiful valleys, and as entirely different in the character of their scenery as the Rhine and the Moselle. He visited the Falls of the Rhine, opposite to which is one of the best hotels in Europe, and wisely recommends tourists not to omit an excursion to Schaffhausen, the very interesting old town on the river, two miles above the falls. We entirely agree with Mr. Wood in his enthusiastic admiration of the view at Neuhausen:—

Below the Schweigerhof flowed the green waters of the Rhine, a deep swift stream; before it were the green falls of Schaffhausen, a wide mass of seething foam and rushing tumbling water. Across the Rhine stretched the chain of the snowy Alps, far, far into the distance, as the canopy of blue sky beyond was a fitting background to this more than earthly paradise. Later on, when night had fallen, the moon threw a silvery gleam upon the river, lighting up the falls, and making the whole scene one of enchantment. Save for the rushing water, the whole surrounding neighbourhood was steeped in silence.

Mr. Wood should not have omitted to notice that the high wooded banks between which the Rhine flows for a considerable distance add greatly to the beauty of the scene, and he might have chastised the barbarism of the authorities in placing a most hideous railway-bridge across the river just above the falls.

Mr. Wood's book contains nearly forty agreeable illustrations. A map might have been added with advantage. Mr. Wood, with the best intentions in the world, is too fond of dwelling upon the small "experiences" of his tour, not one of which can be of the least interest to any rational being; his anecdotes occasionally remind us of the incidents in Daly's imaginary travels in Africa, related in *Gilbert Gurney*. His garrulity is no doubt an amiable weakness; but it enlarges without enlivening his work. On the other hand, we should be sorry to deny it the merit and utility of supplying a stimulant to its readers to visit the delightful and invigorating region it professes to depict, but of which, we are bound to add, a more accurate impression is conveyed in its illustrations than in its pages.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FRANCIS LIEBER.*

THE published works and teaching of Francis Lieber have given to him a reputation which is enough to excite curiosity about his private life, and the desire to know what manner of man he was. A political exile from Germany in early life, he found an abiding refuge in the United States, like so many others in the same predicament. He lived to become a well-known writer and lecturer; he was too a distinguished promoter of gymnastics. For twenty years he was Professor of History, Political Economy, and Philosophy in the State College of Carolina. Later on, when the atmosphere of the South became more and more uncongenial to him, he moved to New York, and there filled a chair of History and Political Science, which was founded expressly for him in Columbia College. His best known works are the *Encyclopedia Americana*, published at Philadelphia in 1828-1832, and based on the well-known *Conversations-Lexicon*; his *Manual of Political Ethics*, his *Essay on Penal Law*, and the *Legal and Political Hermeneutics*, the titles of which are sufficient to indicate the lines of thought and study to which his life was devoted. His American editor, in a brief preface to the Life and the extracts from a diary and a correspondence of unusual interest, thinks it necessary to mention that he has altered Lieber's English as little as possible; but, whatever may have been the extent of the alterations, the letters now appear in a perfectly correct and idiomatic form.

Lieber was born in the first year of the century, the youngest child of a family of ten, and the son of an ironmonger in Berlin. Hatred to the French, when their army after Jena entered Berlin, was one of the young German's earliest recollections. When Schill was defending Colberg, the boy was taught to pray that God would cure his grandmother's cough, bless the King, and let Schill be victorious. At thirteen he was thoroughly filled with the national abhorrence of the foreign invaders, and when two of his brothers were leaving to join the army, in a transport of enthusiasm he ran to his room, fell on his knees, and swore to assassinate Napoleon. His plan was to learn French, enter the French army, become an adjutant to his great enemy, and then kill him. Two years after this came the return from Elba. Lieber and a brother, young as they were, cleaned their rifles, and joined the Prussian army as volunteers in the Colberg regiment. They were reviewed by Blücher at Namur, and on the 18th June the boys were fighting under his orders at Waterloo. The whole account of his brief share in campaigning is capitally given by Lieber. There is one highly characteristic anecdote. At Ligny some of his young comrades threw away cards carried in their knapsacks, fancying they might bring bad luck. Lieber had never played at cards, and carried none; but he purposely picked up a pack, and put it in his knapsack to show his contempt for their superstition. The part of the army to which Lieber belonged was ordered to pursue Vandamme to Namur, and in the battle there the young volunteer received a couple of balls, and afterwards had a full experience of the reverse side of the glories of war.

Returned to Berlin, Lieber took up his interrupted studies, especially the exercise of physical training, which he had before practised under the teaching of Jahn. It was Jahn who, in his patriotic dislike of foreigners and their language, refused to adopt any word for gymnastic exercises that was not of pure Teutonic origin, and who accordingly chose the word *Turnen* for that purpose. It seems that the gatherings of young men round Jahn either really assumed some political significance adverse to the Prussian Government, or were at least suspected of it by the police, and for four months Lieber was imprisoned. It was a still more serious matter that he was forbidden to continue his studies in any Prussian university. He tried for admission unsuccessfully at Heidelberg and Tübingen, but took a doctor's degree at Jena in 1820, remaining, however, under an inhibition against his ever teaching in his native country. Harassed in this way, Lieber smuggled himself out of Germany, in order to join a band of Philhellens who were then offering their services to the Greeks in their rising against the Turks. When they reached the scene of their intended glorious war of liberation, their disillusion was complete. They expected to find ancient heroes, but only encountered modern scoundrels. The devoted party of adventurers in the cause of freedom were starved and robbed by the people whom they went to help, and had some difficulty in escaping from the false position in which they had placed themselves. Lieber, in a little account written by himself of this expedition, concludes by declaring that the cowardice and incapacity of the Greeks made them unfit to defend or free their country.

After the Greek failure, good fortune directed Lieber to Rome in search of a friend whom he supposed to be there. He sought the protection of Niebuhr, at that time the Prussian Minister at Rome, who relieved him from his immediate difficulties, and took him into his own house as tutor. Niebuhr wrote about him at the time:—

He is one of the youths of the noble period of 1813, who lost themselves in visions . . . and in this terrible contrast between his experience and all that he had imagined—all that impelled him into distant lands—has broken his heart. . . . He was arrested during the unhappy investigations of 1819, but dismissed as innocent.

From this time Lieber's career was assured; as one of Niebuhr's family he saw Rome, Naples, and Florence; and after a year

* *The Life and Letters of Francis Lieber*. Edited by Thomas Sergeant Perry. London: Trübner & Co.

spent in Italy, under circumstances of so much advantage, he returned to Berlin, and was permitted to resume his studies. He now lived in the best literary society of the place, with Fouqué, Hoffman, and Chamisso. Again, however, in 1824, he was arrested as a political suspect, but was released on the friendly intercession of Niebuhr, although he still remained under police supervision. At last the intention was formed of escape from Germany, and he came to England in 1826. In London he gave lessons, and thought of applying for the Professorship in the then London University, for which he was warmly recommended by Niebuhr. But England was not to be the final abode of Lieber, and a longer migration carried him to the United States. At Boston he was appointed to the charge of the gymnasium, and set about the preparation of a swimming school after the German fashion. It was a novelty, and met with much success. Mr. Adams, the President, paid a visit to it, and swam about with Lieber in the enclosure for a quarter of an hour. Literary work soon followed; the gymnasiarch, still aided by Niebuhr, became the correspondent of several German periodicals, and rapidly won reputation as the editor of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, already mentioned. He made many valuable friendships—ultimately, indeed, with all the best men in the United States; and, among others, made acquaintance with Joseph Bonaparte, then resident in the United States, from whom an interesting letter is printed, containing an apology for Napoleonism, and throwing the chief blame of his brother's despotic government upon the English, who are made out to have forced it upon him. He corresponded also with German friends, among whom were Ranke, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and other distinguished names.

The extracts from Lieber's diary are sometimes very fresh and racy. Here is a delightful bit, belonging to 1831:—

September 30th.—Ashton, my famous barber-philosopher, said to-day:—"Whenever I go to a sick person I get half-a-dollar. From poor people I never take anything, *never*; but then I don't go to them."

The letters are all well worth reading, giving the honest and independent thoughts of a strong and cultivated mind upon a variety of important topics in politics, history, and literature. Slavery and, later on, Secession naturally occupy much space; and the discussion of these subjects, together with other important questions of the time, by a foreigner, although one who had become a naturalized American citizen, gives them a peculiar interest; for Lieber's opinions generally carry with them an air of impartiality such as belongs to a spectator rather than to an actual combatant.

Some quotations must be made, as thus only can any notion be given of the quality of the letters. At the present moment one may read with a tinge of regret what he wrote to Charles Sumner, then going to England, in 1837:—

Do not swim too much in the sea of delight at your prospect of going to Mecca. How will you feel when you see Westminster Hall for the first time—the hearth of British life, liberty, law, grandeur, and abuse?

It must be hoped that all but the last will be transferred to the new hearth, and that the sacred fire may continue to burn upon it as brightly as it did upon the old one. In 1843, when so many crimes were being committed, and so much nonsense was being written, Lieber, the sound thinker and master of social science, wrote some amazingly good sense:—

What a downright silly clamor that is about organization of labour! This, by the way, is the very argument of the defenders of slavery, and was the precise ground upon which Fletcher of Saltoun placed his recommendation of reintroducing slavery into Scotland. He coincided, also, with Louis Blanc and the Communists in the hatred of capital, for he proposed to abolish interest—but to organize labor. Why, freedom of production and exchange is the first basis of liberty.

In a lighter vein he wrote in 1853 to Mrs. George Ticknor, after having referred to the appearance of Thackeray's *Book of Snobs*:—

What snobbery we might write of in America. . . . There is the patriotic snob, the political snob, the abolitionist snob, the Southern snob, the Calvinistic snob, the polished furniture snob, the chivalric and lady's servant snob, the lawyer snob. I sometimes think that in a better, purer, and clearer state, after this life, we shall say to one another, "You remember when we met down in the snobbery," &c.

At the commencement of the Crimean War Lieber refers to it in a letter to Hillard. Of the Turks he says:—

They are a coarse race, without history, if history means anything more than a chronicle of fights, and that sort of thing. That remnant of Grecian civilization which rekindled the light of culture in the West was unable to evoke a single noble effort in them. But, though I have no enthusiasm for those occupants of Europe's finest garden, I have a very strong hatred against the Russians; and I hope, now that the war has begun, it will be sufficiently long and arduous to end in a thorough cropping of that beastly colossus.

A diplomatic question which arose in 1863 introduces in a letter to C. Sumner a little known anecdote of George III.:—

I do not think that your remarks concerning foreign ministers having intercourse with the opposition apply to the case of Lord Lyons. Would or would not the premier of England have sent word to a monarch that his minister was no longer agreeable to his majesty, if this minister in London, a century ago, had held covert intercourse with Scottish sympathizers or adherents of the Stuarts? I believe that a minister must be very circumspect in his intercourse with the opposition—as opposition, and in excited times. Depend upon it, Pitt would not have allowed a foreign minister to be closeted with Fox and Sheridan, discussing high politics of England, without making complaint. I give you an anecdote which will be interesting to the chairman of Foreign Affairs. President King tells me that when his father, Rufus King, was American Minister in London, he paid a visit to Paris after the Peace of Amiens, when Fox likewise went. Fox went to see Consul Bonaparte. The latter desired that King would have himself presented, or the chief officers of the consul told King that they would gladly present him. King, who was then engaged in making a treaty with England, declined, because he knew that Bonaparte was

very disagreeable to George III., and he thought he had no right to do anything that could interfere with his relation to the British court or ministry. When he returned to England and went to court, George III. went up to him and said: "Mr. King, I am very much obliged to you; you have treated me like a gentleman, which is more than I can say of all my subjects." I give the words exactly as President King gave them to me, and he says that he gave the words to me exactly as he could remember them, the anecdote being in lively remembrance in the family. He thinks he can now repeat the very words in which his father told the affair immediately after his return from court, and that they are the *ipsissima verba* of George III.

Those who are interested in the efforts now being made in this country to establish free libraries will read with gratification Lieber's remarks in a letter to General Halleck upon public libraries:—

Have you laid the foundation of a great public library in California? Your State, above all others, ought largely to provide public funds for a library—say \$20,000 a year for the first five years, and then, permanently so much a year. We cannot do in our days without large public libraries, and libraries are quite as necessary as hospitals or armies. Libraries are the bridges over which Civilization travels from generation to generation and from country to country, bridges that span over the widest oceans; and California will yet be the buttress of the bridge over which encircling civilization will pass to Asia, whence it first came.

Lieber's opinions of President Grant are contained in the following passage, written to General Garfield in 1868:—

You, gentlemen, may laugh, indeed, at the President's Message. That is all very well; but the serious philosophical historian will be brought to the black line of despair by his desire to understand such a character, or to reconcile such elements as seem to brew in a man whom Tacitus perhaps would have characterized thus: a man possessing all that boldness which ignorance and lack of shame rarely fail to produce in persons of a low standard, being possessed of a keen love of theorizing and disputations, such as small minds are often troubled with as with an itching of the mind—cunning as weazels are, void of temperance, patriotism, and greatness of soul, and therefore most unfortunate, as all men are when their deformity is exhibited in a high place before all the people. But the guilt is ours, who, more like trifling boys than earnest men, elevated him to that dignity, for which nature had not intended him. Happy enough might he have ended his days had he never exchanged the cross-legged seat for the curule chair.

It is impossible to refrain from quoting Lieber's views of English institutions, including English cookery—the excellence of which is not so universally acknowledged as to be able to dispense with commendation. But, then, the favouring critic was a German! Nevertheless here is his opinion:—

You mention Magna Charta; this evening, through night and cold, I shall lecture on that old thing. I maintain that England distinguishes herself above all other nations by three great facts: by Magna Charta; by the development of the bicameral system and her glorious revolution; and by the fact that England is the only country in the whole world whose national dishes are not a nuisance. Roast beef and plum pudding—what manly, resolute, and savoury institutions! What nastinesses are olla podrida and polenta, sauerkraut and porridge, and Danish grit and Russian herring, and bacon and beans, and the Southern bacon and greens! Pilau is good, indeed, but it belongs to all Asia, and macaroni only to part of Italy.

In 1844 Lieber paid a visit to the old Continent: he was in London, and of course breakfasted with Mr. Monckton Milnes. He went over the field of Waterloo, and identified the spot where he was wounded at Namur. At Berlin, the political exile of former days had a long interview with the King of Prussia, who was anxious to retain him as Inspector of Prisons, a post for which many of his studies would have peculiarly fitted him, although it was by no means altogether worthy of him.

He died at his own house in New York in 1872—the house in which he had placed the inscription—"Patria Cara: Carior Libertas: Veritas Carissima." This, together with his favourite motto, "No Right without its Duties, no Duty without its Rights," furnishes the key to Lieber's character and teaching.

SOME RECENT CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

MR. WALPOLE'S edition of the first book of the *Æneid* belongs to Messrs. Macmillan's series of *Elementary Classics*; it is, therefore, presumably intended for the use of boys reading Virgil for the first time. To this purpose, however, it is in some respects utterly unsuited. The text is made as difficult as possible by the

* *P. Vergili Maronis Æneidos Liber I.* Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, for the use of Schools, by Arthur S. Walpole, M.A., formerly Scholar of Worcester College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co.

Select Letters of Cicero. Edited, for the use of Schools, by the Rev. G. E. Jeans, M.A., Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, and Assistant-Master in Haileybury College. London: Macmillan & Co.

Second Latin Reading-Book, forming a Continuation of Easy Latin Stories for Beginners. By George L. Bennett, M.A., Head-Master of the High School, Plymouth. London: Rivingtons.

Excerpta Facilia: a Second Latin Translation Book. By H. R. Heatley, M.A., Keble College, Oxford, and H. N. Kingdon, B.A., late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. London: Rivingtons.

Greek "Unseen Papers" in Prose and Verse; with Examination Questions. By T. Collins, M.A., late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge, Head-Master of the Grammar School, Newport, Salop. London: George Bell & Sons.

Questions and Exercises for Classical Scholarships.—(1) *Critical Greek and Latin Grammar Questions.* (2) *Unseen Greek and Latin Passages for Translation.* Adapted to the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Certificate and the Oxford First Public Examinations. Oxford: James Thornton.

Outlines of Latin Mood Construction; with Exercises. By the Rev. G. E. Comerford Casey, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxon. London: G. Bell & Sons.

The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by the Rev. J. M. King, Vicar of Cutcombe, Somerset, late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Edward Stanford.

fact that the editor has not adopted any fixed principles of orthography in matters where MS. evidence is conflicting. Accusatives plural of nouns, and of present participles, are sometimes written *-is*, sometimes *-es*. The testimony of MSS. on this point is so equally balanced that, at any rate in school-books, it is admissible and desirable to write *-es*, which is far less likely than the alternative ending to cause confusion in youthful minds. If, however, an editor prefers *-is*, he should at least follow Conington's example, and adhere to it throughout. Nor do we see any reason why "data est" should be written instead of the ordinary "data est." Of all the faults which an editor of school-books can commit, none are more fatal than those due to pedantry. Passing on to the notes, we find them overcrowded with grammatical technicalities; such words as "polysyndeton," "metonymy," "synekdoche," "chiasmic arrangement," are freely used, generally without any explanation of their meaning. Again, Mr. Walpole seems to forget that boys who are just beginning Virgil cannot, as a rule, read Homer, and that therefore it is useless to quote passages from the *Odyssey* in illustration of the *Æneid*. As Mr. Walpole in most cases uses the translation of Messrs. Butcher and Lang when he wishes to refer to the *Odyssey*, it is the more strange that he should ever quote the original Greek. The notes are for the most part useful, and help is usually given where it is needed. They contain, however, several mistakes. Mr. Walpole is decidedly wrong in translating "duplices manus" (l. 93) "clasped hands." We learn clearly from classical art and literature that in the attitude of prayer the hands were raised towards Heaven with the palms uppermost, as in Horace's line "Cælo supinas at tuleris manus." In a note on ll. 115, 116, "Excutitur pronusque magister, Volvitur in caput," Mr. Walpole remarks that "que in Virgil's poetical language is not always attached to the word which it should logically follow." Surely it is not "que," but "magister," which is out of its natural place; the sentence runs:—"Excutitur magister, pronusque volvitur in caput." Mr. Walpole blunders sadly about the change of name which took place at adoption. He says:—"Octavianus, when adopted by his uncle, the dictator, became Gaius Julius Cæsar." Of course his original name was not Octavianus, but C. Octavius, and after his adoption it became C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus. Moreover, the dictator was not his uncle, but his great-uncle. There is one more of Mr. Walpole's notes which deserves mention. It is on the words "auleis superbis" in l. 697. Mr. Walpole says:—"Within the splendid curtains placed round Dido's couch, to protect from dust, &c." This reads like the comment of a housemaid, and reminds one of the parish clerk's version of the 137th Psalm:—

And as for our harps, we hanged them up,
We hanged them up—for to dry.

Mr. Jeans's selection from Cicero's Letters belongs to the same series as Mr. Walpole's work, but it is very much more satisfactory. When only nineteen letters have to be chosen from the number which remain to us, opinions will naturally differ as to what should be taken and what left. Mr. Jeans has at any rate chosen none that are not interesting. He has perhaps been wise, considering the purpose for which his selection has been made, in choosing a rather large proportion of amusing letters. We find the letter to Atticus describing the ill-temper of his sister, Quintus Cicero's wife; and the one to Luceius concerning his history, which contains a display of foolish vanity remarkable even in Cicero. There is also a description of the dinner which Cicero gave to Cæsar. On more serious subjects are the famous letter of consolation written by Sulpicius to Cicero on the death of his daughter Tullia; Cicero's reply; and his letter to Atticus about Tullia's monument. Of the political letters included in the selection, the most important are the first two—that to Atticus about Cicero's prospects for the Consulship, and that which relates, among other things, the profanation of the festival of the Bona Dea. Scarcely less interesting are the last three, dealing with various episodes in the history after Cæsar's death. The notes are good and scholarly, and do not give too much help to the student. Here and there, indeed, they might with advantage be more frequent. For instance, "regnum iudiciale," in the first letter of all, certainly requires explanation. However, we have noticed very few shortcomings, and the selection is likely to be useful.

The two Latin readers published by Messrs. Rivington are very similar in plan, as well as in the purpose for which they are written. They are intended for the use of boys who have worked through a *delectus*, but are not sufficiently advanced to read a Latin author. Mr. Bennett's book is divided into three parts, of which the first contains an outline of the history of Rome, the second of the history of Greece, while the third, which is adapted from Quintus Curtius, sketches the career of Alexander the Great. It is useful to have a reading-book which will also to some extent teach history; but, on the other hand, as the study of language is the first object of translation, it is desirable that boys should as soon as possible begin to read the works of Latin authors, rather than nineteenth-century imitations of their writings. It certainly seems to us that judicious selections from classical authors are far better suited to the purposes of a second reader than modern compositions, even by good scholars. For this reason we prefer the *Excerpta Facilia* of Messrs. Heatley and Kingdon to Mr. Bennett's book. The former contains in prose some short anecdotes drawn from various sources, scenes from the Civil War, the lives of Miltiades, Themistocles, Pausanias, Alcibiades, and Epaminondas, and the account of the battle of Arbela given by Q. Curtius. A comparison of the passage from Curtius with Mr. Bennett's adaptation of the same writer, which partly covers the same ground, goes far to confirm

our opinion of the relative advantages of the two methods. The prose passages, which occupy the greater part of Messrs. Heatley and Kingdon's book, are followed by some selections from Ovid, the longest of which tells the tale of Icarus.

Mr. Collins's *Greek Unseen Papers* will certainly be found useful by schoolmasters. They form a companion volume to the collection of *Unseen Papers in Latin Prose and Verse*, which was published by the same author two years ago. The passages chosen are short, and for the most part easy, and a few grammatical questions are appended to each piece.

The *Questions and Exercises for Classical Scholarships*, published by Mr. Thornton, are good in their way, and any one who has conscientiously worked through them will be well armed against the attacks of examiners. They are for the most part too difficult to be of any great value to candidates for the Oxford and Cambridge school certificates, but they may prove useful aids to self-examination for those more advanced scholars for whom they are also intended. The critical grammar questions form the most useful part of the book; the literary questions are in many cases too general to be of much real service. A great many of them, moreover, tend to encourage mere cram work, as they are of a kind which no scholar could answer adequately from his own reading and his own thought until he is far past the age of competitive examinations. "Is popularity a test of literary excellence?" "What are the chief attributes of a poet, as poet?" are questions to which any smatterer could give an answer of some sort, if he had read certain essays on the subjects, though there are few critics who could give an answer worth reading. Perhaps the chief use of the questions, grammatical and literary, may be to suggest to schoolmasters some useful lines of teaching. The latter portion of the book contains a selection of unseen passages for translation. These are very much more difficult than those in Mr. Collins's little book, being intended, of course, for more advanced students.

Mr. Casey's book of rules was written, we are told in the preface, as a help to Local Examination candidates. To students working with insufficient tuition, or without any at all, the book may be useful, though perhaps rather bewildering to weak heads. It would have been well if the exercises had been longer and more numerous, and if each exercise had followed the rule to which it referred, instead of all being relegated to the end of the book. It is comforting to know that Mr. Casey has had the advantage of referring to Dr. Kennedy in moments of difficulty, but it is scarcely desirable that those who confess themselves to be learners should set about teaching others.

Mr. King's version of the *Eclogues* and *Georgics* is not without interest, though it does not fulfil the conditions laid down by modern canons of translation. It is, indeed, rather a paraphrase than a translation; the author has aimed at little more than expressing in English verse Virgil's general meaning, without attempting to reproduce any of the characteristics of his style, and with no approach to verbal accuracy. From the point of view of scholarship, therefore, criticism is out of the question. In the matter of versification Mr. King is fairly successful. For the *Georgics* he has chosen the heroic couplet as his metre. He has studied Pope closely and to some purpose, and though he fails to give to the metre the variety of rhythm of which it is susceptible in the hands of a master, he writes smoothly and with fluency. Fifty years ago his work would have been accepted as a welcome addition to Virgilian literature; now it is interesting mainly as a survival of a school of translation which has almost disappeared. We may quote a few lines from the description of the cave of Proteus, towards the end of the Fourth *Georgic*, as a good specimen of Mr. King's style at its best:—

Deep in a mountain's hollow side is seen,
Where cliffs projecting form a friendly screen,
A vast recess, where boats securely ride,
And into quiet bays smooth waters glide.
Oft in this cave the god extended lies,
And shuns the fervour of the noonday skies.
Here, where the friendly shade his figure shrouds,
Her son she placed, herself involved in clouds.

Though far from literal, this is closer to the Latin than a great deal of Mr. King's work, much of which is needlessly diffuse. His rhymes, too, are sometimes faulty; "shore" and "flower," for instance, scarcely satisfy the eye or ear of the reader. Moreover, the tendency to diffuseness to which we have referred is not satisfactorily atoned for by the expedient of leaving out a part of what Virgil wrote. But, if we look in vain for really good translation, we often come upon lines which are pleasing enough in themselves. Thus, "autumn gladdened by the rose of spring" is a happy expansion of the idea conveyed in the words "biferi rosaria Pæsti." It is perhaps unfortunate that Mr. King has not adopted the same metre for the *Eclogues* as for the *Georgics*. The use of the heroic couplet, though it rather encourages than checks diffuseness, at least tends to preserve verse from being slipshod, and much of Mr. King's translation of the *Eclogues* is very slipshod indeed. The following lines, from the opening of the Tenth *Eclogue*, certainly do not read like Virgil:—

Sweet fount of melody, prolong
For Gallus this my latest song.
In words that may Lycoris move,
Words from the armoury of love;
Whilst the milch cows are grazing round,
And woods receive the tuneful sound.
So may you unpolluted glide
Beneath Sicania's bitter tide.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

MARSHAL VON GNEISENAU (1) claims a distinguished place among the restorers of the Prussian monarchy, and a well-executed biography of him cannot fail to be an interesting work. The task has fallen into very good hands. Herr Delbrück had already been entrusted with the completion of the great biography commenced by Pertz, and his thorough acquaintance with the subject has enabled him to remodel that valuable but cumbersome work into a comparatively concise and, as far as the first volume will allow us to judge, really classical biography. The present volume ends with the campaign of 1813; those of 1814 and 1815, and the remainder of Gneisenau's life, will be comprised in a second. The principal difficulty in the biographer's way arises from the impossibility of rendering Gneisenau due justice at the most important period of his life. It is well known that after the death of Scharnhorst he was the brain of the Prussian army, and that nothing would have been accomplished without him. But his position as chief of the staff pledged him to silence and self-effacement, his orders were nominally issued and his plans apparently originated by others, and it is difficult to establish the paramount influence upon events which he nevertheless undoubtedly exercised. There is, therefore, more strictly biographical interest in the middle period between the disasters of 1806-7 and the War of Liberation. At this time Gneisenau appears as the enthusiastic patriot, constantly urging a bold, perhaps a rash course, upon the King of Prussia, and co-operating in the military reorganization of the monarchy. His zeal led to his temporary dismissal, and he twice repaired to England, where he pressed the Government to attempt a descent upon the Baltic coast in Napoleon's rear—a tempting scheme if the resources of England had not been entirely engrossed by the Peninsular War.

The valuable series of works on the various nationalities of the Austro-Hungarian Empire published by Prochaska (2) continues to make progress, and has received numerous important additions. Some of the writers engaged regard their subjects too much from the historical point of view. This objection, however, cannot be fairly brought against the volume in which the historical element is, above all others, conspicuous; for the adjustment of the claims of the Germans to an early domicile in Hungary is a very practical question at the present day, and one whose settlement is essential to the peace and stability of the Empire. Dr. Schwicker, the author of the volume treating of the Hungarian Germans, seems to make out a very good case for his countrymen as early inhabitants of Hungary, and not mere intruders. What is of still more importance, his tone is exceedingly conciliatory; he repudiates every pretension to preponderance on the part of his countrymen, and asseverates their devotion to the idea of Hungarian nationality. It is heartily to be wished that the Germans and Magyars may be able to agree; for M. Suman's volume on the Slovenes, and M. Staré's on the Croats, though written in an excellent spirit, show how great is the danger to which Germany and Hungary alike would be exposed by a development of the spirit of Pan-Slavonianism. If, as M. Staré asserts, there is not the least practical distinction between these nations and their Serbian neighbours, the materials are evidently at hand for an Illyrian State cutting Germany and Hungary entirely off from the Adriatic—a project which would certainly be attempted in the event of a war between Germany and Russia, or of any disaster to the centre of Teutonic unity at Berlin. Both M. Staré's and M. Suman's volumes are excellently written; the former is especially interesting for its account of the picturesque manners and customs of Croatia, the latter for its narrative of the long struggle of the Slovenian language and literature, and their revival from a condition verging upon total extinction. Dr. Schober and Dr. Egger have less interesting subjects in the Austrian and Tyrolean Germans; but both have done their work well. Dr. Schober is especially strong in literary, and Dr. Egger in political, history; but neither can be charged with neglecting the statistical information which it should be a leading object of a series like this to afford.

Müller's summary of European history for the decennial period 1871-1881 (3) is a neat and well-arranged summary, handy and useful as a book of reference. It is but natural that German affairs should occupy a space which may appear somewhat disproportionate to readers of other nations; and this is even advantageous, in so far as it leads to a more copious notice of the details of German legislation than could readily be found in other historical compendiums of the period. The relations of Germany to France are discussed in a bitter and unfriendly spirit, boding ill for the maintenance of peace.

Dr. Lichtenheld's essay on the study of the classical languages in an educational point of view (4) evinces much thought, but would be considered abstruse and unpractical in this country.

(1) *Das Leben des Feldmarschalls Grafen Neithardt von Gneisenau*. Von Hans Delbrück. Bd. 1. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Die Völker Oesterreich-Ungarns. Die Deutschen in Nieder- und Ober-Oesterreich, &c.* Von Dr. Karl Schober.—*Die Deutschen in Ungarn und Siebenbürgen*. Von Dr. J. H. Schwicker.—*Die Tiroler und Vorarlberger*. Von Dr. Josef Egger.—*Die Slovenen*. Von Josef Suman.—*Die Kroaten*. Von Josef Staré. Wien und Teschen: Prochaska. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Europäische Geschichte und Politik, 1871-1881*. Von W. Müller. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Das Studium der Sprachen, besonders der classischen, und die intellektuelle Bildung*. Von Dr. Adolf Lichtenheld. Wien: Hölder. London: Williams & Norgate.

Dr. Sommer (5) has no difficulty in proving that the recognition of the essentially subjective character of space and time would produce a material modification of all our ideas and beliefs; but he gives no assurance that the reason will ever encroach to such an extent upon the domain of the understanding.

The great importance of Australia (6) as a market is fully apparent to France and Germany, and both countries have of late been making strenuous efforts to extend their trade in that direction. Among these are particularly to be mentioned the endeavours made to secure the adequate representation of German industry at the Sydney Universal Exhibition of 1880 and the Melbourne Exhibition of 1881; and the despatch to this end of a Special Commission, whose secretary, Dr. Seelhorst, publishes an interesting account both of the exhibitions and of the colonies themselves, including New Zealand. His opinion of the country is, on the whole, most favourable; and, as an accomplished naturalist, he has been able to intersperse his report with abundance of information interesting both to men of science and general readers. An appendix contains an account of an expedition into the interior of the island of Sumatra, which proved very successful, mainly owing to the support of the native princes.

If Professor Haeckel's expedition to Ceylon (7) proves as advantageous to zoology as it was agreeable to the traveller himself, its scientific results will not be inconsiderable. While deploring the paucity of absolutely new forms of life in the Cingalese waters, Haeckel nevertheless professes to have brought back sufficient specimens of the marine fauna alone to afford subjects of research for the remainder of his life. It is to be hoped that they are really worth the time they are expected to require. Meanwhile the letters in which the naturalist has sketched his tour in its less strictly scientific aspect are a pleasing and palatable, if not very substantial, fruit of the expedition. Professor Haeckel possesses a happy faculty of reproducing the characteristics of localities and persons without resorting to mere word-painting. The scenery seems steeped in its appropriate atmosphere, and notwithstanding the elegance and picturesqueness of the diction, the impression is one of perfect reality. The descriptions, too, are by no means commonplace. Nature and man are very close neighbours in Ceylon, and the traveller found it quite possible, while incurring few risks and abandoning few comforts, to charter a lodge in a vast wilderness, and to live in the sole company of his scientific specimens and his native attendants. The picture presented both of the native Cingalese and their English rulers is on the whole a very pleasant one. Ceylon seems as yet free from those perplexities of diminishing fertility and increasing population which beset India, and although delight in natural beauty and gratitude for the hospitality he encountered may have tinged Professor Haeckel's judgments with too rosy a tint, he may nevertheless be cited as a generally trustworthy witness to the prosperity of an Oriental people under European rule. It is, however, chiefly for its descriptive passages that his volume will be remembered, and such pictures as that of the coral beds at Belligemma, and of his native boy attendant Gamameda, will rank in the literature of travel along with the best masterpieces of a Forster or a Wallace.

Professor Flemming (8) declares the investigation of cellular substance to be the most difficult problem in biology. His volume in elucidation of the problem can consequently be intelligible only to a few; it is evidently a work of great labour and research. A brief history of cellular physiology is given at the end of the book; the names mentioned in it are almost without exception German. Whether Germany has really a monopoly of the subject we cannot say; but it is curious that a complaint should simultaneously arrive that she can supply no zoologists to accompany exploring expeditions, her young naturalists being exclusively trained in microscopical research.

To compile a passable volume about Greek female philosophers, Herr Poestion (9) has been obliged to have recourse to those practical philosophers, the *hetærae*, by whose help he has produced a book of no literary, much less philosophic, pretensions, but of respectable bulk and not unamusing. It is even of some value as a register of the names and performances of certain obscure authoresses not easily to be found elsewhere. The claims, indeed, of some of Herr Poestion's ladies to figure on the scroll of authorship seems much on a par with those of Mr. Browning's Protus—

Who wrote the little tract, On Worming Dogs,
Whereof the name in sundry catalogues
Is extant yet.

Herr Adolf Böttcher has enabled the German nation to inform itself easily and sufficiently respecting the results of its Government's liberal and enterprising intervention in the excavation of Olympia (10). We must distinguish between the strictly æsthetic and the general archaeological results. The addition to the world's stock of beautiful objects has been numerically small,

(5) *Die Neugestaltung unserer Weltansicht durch die Erkenntnis der Idealität des Raumes und der Zeit*. Von H. Sommer. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Australien in seinen Weltausstellungsjahren, 1879-81*. Von Georg Seelhorst. Augsburg: Reichel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Indische Reisebriefe*. Von Ernst Haeckel. Berlin: Paetel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Zellsubstanz, Kern und Zelltheilung*. Von Walther Flemming. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Nutt.

(9) *Griechische Philosophinnen*. Von J. C. Poestion. Norden and Leipzig: Fischer. London: Nutt.

(10) *Das Fest und seine Stätte nach den Berichten der Alten und den Ergebnissen der deutschen Ausgrabungen*. Von Adolf Böttcher. Berlin: Springer. London: Trübner & Co.

though the acquisition of the Hermes of Praxiteles or the Nike of Paeonius would alone have repaid the expenditure and labour incurred many times over. The archaeological results, on the other hand, have been most important, and have brought us into more intimate contact with Greek life than has ever been previously obtained. Herr Böttcher's work is very clear and systematic. He circumstantially describes the physical geography of the ancient Elean territory; the changes effected by the silting up of the valley after the desertion of the sanctuary; the conditions, process, and results of the excavations; with descriptions, illustrated by engravings, of the principal works of art recovered. With this is combined a history of Olympia from the earliest traces of gymnastic contests to their suppression by Theodosius. Full, accurate, and attractive, Herr Böttcher's volume deserves high commendation as a compendium, not too concise, of information on all points relating to Olympia.

The specimens of mediæval Provençal literature, edited by H. Suchier (11), are chiefly derived from four MSS.—one in the collection of the late Sir Thomas Phillips at Cheltenham, two in the British Museum, and one at Paris. The most remarkable among them are a metrical version of the Gospel of Nicodemus, a metrical life of St. Alexius, sundry shorter poems, and a description of the kingdom of Prester John. Another volume is to follow, derived entirely from a Paris manuscript, and consisting of translations from the Latin into the dialect of Auvergne.

Lessing's *Nathan the Sage* (12) is perhaps, among all standard German works, the best adapted for the purposes of a student of the language, alike by the purity of the diction, the interest of the story, and the intimate relation of the work to the most characteristic ideas of modern times. It could not have been better edited as a class-book than by Dr. Buchheim, whose notes are copious without being cumbersome, and full of entertainment as well as information, while his introduction is full of just criticism on the characters of the play and on the history and purport of the beautiful parable on which it is founded. We learn from him two very interesting facts—that *Nathan* first established blank verse as the accepted medium for the serious drama in Germany; and that, in a Greek version, it has been successfully performed at Constantinople before a Turkish audience.

If Austrian poetry has not hitherto assumed a relatively exalted position in the literature of the world, the cause must consist in the quality, rather than in the quantity, of the commodity. Herr Emil Franzos (13), having undertaken to edit an anthology of Austrian poetry, and scorning to publish aught that had previously appeared in print, invited by circular the co-operation of three-score and two poets. Fifty-nine of the sixty-two responded to the appeal, and accommodated Herr Franzos with thirteen hundred poems, seventy of which were dramas or epics. The intended publication having been bruited abroad, Herr Franzos was further involved in correspondence by three hundred and four unknown and uninvited poets, who among them tendered for his consideration 2,500 poems, 114 being the contribution of a single gallant Major. Thirty of these volunteers actually effected an entrance into Herr Franzos's collection—whether the Major was among them we are not told. After this the judicious reader will be prepared to learn that the prevalent characteristic of the thesaurus is a distressing mediocrity. There is little that is positively bad, and still less that is positively good. The principal exceptions among the productions of writers hitherto little known are Hermann von der Gilm's spirited invectives against the Tyrolese Jesuits, and Richard Kralik's solitary contribution, "Tarantella," a poem doubly inspired by Erato and Terpsichore. Most of the really distinguished poets of Austria have gone over to the majority, and are only represented here by gleanings from their posthumous remains. There is, however, a remarkable exception in Robert Hamerling; the specimens of whose unpublished epic and drama show a fine command of language and a powerful imagination; although the former piece when published at full length may probably prove too extensive for its groundwork of incident, and the latter too eccentric in conception.

Three novelettes by Sacher-Masoch (14) form a bright and pretty group, even when the catastrophe is tragical, as in "The Old Castellan," or the incidents are connected with police agents and popular tumults, as in "The Black Cabinet." Sacher-Masoch is an admirable narrator; he excels in depicting national character, and has a quick eye for the picturesque, which is continually lighting up his narrative with gleams of dramatic or descriptive beauty. This is particularly the case with the third story, "The Jewish Raphael," a story steeped in the most brilliant local colouring, both Jewish and Ruthenian. Eastern Europe has undoubtedly found a painter, if not a poet, in Sacher-Masoch.

The fiction which constitutes as usual the principal portion of the contents of *Auf der Höhe* (15) is in the present number interspersed with contributions of a more solid description. The

most important of these is a paper by Dr. Schwicker, on the controversy between Hunfalvy and Vambéry on the origin of the Magyars. Dr. Schwicker assents to the theory of the latter, according to which the Magyars are not Ugrians, but a Turanian tribe which may perhaps have assimilated Ugrian elements in its march into Europe. Dr. Walch contributes a learned paper on Greek tactics in the age of mercenary soldiery preceding the Macedonian epoch; and there are scientific essays by Professors Vignoli and Palmieri. Elise von Hohenhausen's memoirs are continued, and afford some interesting glimpses of Berlin literary society between 1820 and 1830.

The *Rundschau* (16) has only two articles of interest. L. Friedländer commences an excellent account of Roman Africa, the first part of which treats of the roads, the military stations, and the other appliances of material civilization. Baron von der Brüggens details the Russian religious movement of the "Stundisten," one of the few hopeful phenomena of Russian society. These Bible Christians, as they would probably be called in this country, owe their origin to the impulse given by the preaching of an Englishman, Lord Radstock. A young Russian, by name Paschkow, appears to have undertaken the propagation of Lord Radstock's Protestantism, and to have fairly broken up the dismal stagnation of Russian life with ideas which have nothing to do with murder, communism, or Jew-baiting, but tend solely to moral progress and intellectual light.

The *Russian Review* (17) has papers on the Volga; on Russian domestic animals, with copious statistics of the value of their produce; and on the laws of the Kirghis Tartars, which are not devoid of interest for inquirers into primitive jurisprudence.

(16) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 9, Hft. 4. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(17) *Russische Revue*. Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands. Jahrg. 11, Hft. 11. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner & Co.

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